

GEORGE BARNWELL.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

T. S. SURR,

*AUTHOR OF CONSEQUENCES, A NOVEL;
AND CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, A POEM.*

But is amusement all?—Studious of song,
And yet ambitious not to sing in vain,
I would not trifle merely, though the world
Be loudest in their praise, who do no more.

COWPER.

VOL. I.

DUBLIN:

Printed for P. WOGAN, H. COLBERT, W. PORTER,
J. MOORE, and N. KELLY.

1798.

ADVERTISEMENT.

CUSTOM has long established the right of dramatists to a property in the plots and characters of novels; and recent instances might be adduced of novels and romances, which were scarcely suffered to be read, ere they were converted into dramas.

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marvel at the author's taste in the selection of so hacknied a subject, he begs leave to state the motive of his choice.

Having been so fortunate, as to be present at Mrs. Siddons's performance of *Milwood*, he was so agreeably surprised by the novel, yet just colouring, which that lady's incomparable talents gave to a character, till then deemed insignificant, that he determined, perhaps rashly, upon the present undertaking.

Such readers, as have seen *Milwood* personated in the usual manner *only*, will conclude, that the copy attempted in the following sheets, differs too much from the vulgar openness of character they have been accustomed to associate with the original. Such as have seen Mrs. Siddons's performance, will, he

humbly

humbly conceives, form a contrary opinion : and he rests perfectly at ease as to the decision of the best judges respecting the preference he has yielded to *her* delineation of Milwood, whose most extraordinary powers are only equalled by the just discrimination, which directs their display.

The author has deviated in several instances from the story he has adopted ; has introduced some new characters, and changed the features of others ; yet as the chief incidents are preserved, he thought it more candid to retain the original title, than to invent a new one.

Of his own production, he would only observe, that he *believes* the design is novel, and respectfully submits it to the world, merely as the exercise of a mind

somewhat contemplative, in those evening hours of leisure, which the duties of a humble destination in life occasionally afford him; and by no means as the effort of a competitor for literary fame.

LONDON,

September, 1798. FRIEND.

STOP, stop the press, my friend: with themes like these,

So false, so dull, how vain the hope to please!

AUTHOR.

So false, Brains!—Need you then be told,

That 'tis the law to doat on what is old?

Do you not hear each fashionable fair

Winding old duties to some modern air?

By Doctor Arnold, and Compoter Hook,

Clear'd from that ancient store, the nursery book?

Which tells of that renowned grenadier,

Who comes to say—"be wants a pot of beer?"

Of that old man, "who could not say his prayers"

"By left leg taken, and thrown down the stairs?"

Have we not quarrs, too, of Robin Hood,

Children in the Wood?

PREFATORY

When say'st thou druggists such paths explore,

And begin to delve in legendary lore?

Say, why pronounce my humble effort vain,

From the same source the same fables to gain?

FRIEND.

A 4

PREFATORY DIALOGUE.

FRIEND.

STOP, stop the prefs, my friend: with themes like these,

So stale, so dull, how vain the hope to please!

AUTHOR.

So stale, Erasmus!—Need you then be told,
That 'tis the *ton* to doat on what is old?
Do you not hear each fashionable fair
Warbling old ditties to some modern air,
By Doctor Arnold, and Composer Hook,
Glean'd from that ancient store, the nurs'ry book;
Which tells of that renowned grenadier,
Who comes to say—" *he wants a pot of beer;*"
Of that old man, " *who could not say his pray'rs,*
" *By left leg taken, and thrown down the stairs?*
Have we not op'ras, too, of Robin Hood,
Of Blue Beard, and the Children in the Wood?
When fav'rite dramatists such paths explore,
And deign to delve in legendary lore;
Say, why pronounce my humble effort vain,
From the same source the same success to gain?

FRIEND.

O, monstrous vanity! For shame, for shame!
 Stainer of paper, with thy humble name,
 Dar'st *thou* comparison with bards presume,
 Whose brows are deck'd by fashion's glittering plume?
 Learn the distinction which the world has plac'd
 'Twixt you, and bards with public favour grac'd.
 Once seated on Celebrity's high throne,
 An Author views the subject town his own;
 All Fashion's vot'ries own his sov'reign sway,
 His voice all follow, all his nod obey.
 But when a luckless wight, like you, my friend,
 Whose name no *paragraphic* puffs defend,
 By some new art to please the town essays,
 With cold neglect the town his toil repays.
 Thus had some Novelist, whose happy fate
 Has made his name familiarly great,
 Whose heroes and whose heroines *must* be known
 By such as sport the manners of the town;
 Had such a Novelist pursued *your* thought,
 And from an *old play* some *new novel* wrought,
 'Twere well:—but unfledg'd *Authorlings* like you,
 Must lowly aims thro' beaten paths pursue.

AUTHOR.

Too late, Erasmus, are thy croaking strains
 To save the maiden sheets from printers' stains:
 'Tis done:—nor shall the terrors, you descry,
 Affright my bantling from the public eye:
 What! after all I felt when I conceiv'd,
 What! when with anxious throes my brain's reliev'd,
 Strangle my offspring at it's very birth!—
 Not for a Fielding's fame, or Pult'ney's worth.

FRIEND.

FRIEND.

Ah! then prepare for all those ills that wait
 On Folly's children, who are wise too late!
 Prepare, at Hookham's, to endure the sneers
 Each Beauty lisps, when "Barnwell" strikes her ears.
 "Barnwell!" cries Emma, "pshaw, the name's enough
 To fright all fashion from such *hum drum* stuff!
 "Stol'n, I imagine, from that vulgar play,
 That forms the pastime of my Lord Mayor's Day.
 "How monstrous low-bred must the creature be,
 Who writes such trash—don't offer it to me!
 "Give me some novel of a different kind,
 "Where castles, ghosts, and dæmons are combin'd,
 "To rouse one from the stupor of the spleen,
 "With *fighths* that never have, nor can be seen."
 Prepare thy back for the indignant strokes
 Of snarling critics, or their *serious* jokes,
 Whilst vex'd librarians curse the silly head
 Which breeds such books as must remain unread;
 And wail their folly, poor defrauded rogues,
 That plac'd "George Barnwell" in their catalogues:
 A work so well adapted to *themselves*,
 It ne'er will *circulate* beyond their shelves.
 Nor this the whole—soon as that month draws near,
 Famous for settling bills, and Christmas cheer—
 When careful tradesmen sum up their accounts,
 Eager to learn to what their gain amounts,
 And stationers and printers make their bow
 To the *Grandees* of Paternoster Row
 Then tremble for thy BARNWELL's shameful doom!
 See Symonds spurn him from his lumber room!
 Blushes, nor tears, nor promises avail—

PREFATORY DIALOGUE.

Behold him—let the last—at some trade sale;
 Where booksellers, by smell of ven'son drawn,
 Booz'd o'er a catalogue of *books in pawn*;
 By thrifty publishers, self-saving, sent
 To fetch the price of their advertisement!
 But here, e'en here, unlucky stars pursue,
 The wags sit sober, and—"that price won't do."
 Now, mark the end of all thy hopes and fears!
 Behold, "George Barnwell" now the paste brush smears!
 Behold, "George Barnwell" line some musty trunk;
 And book and author in oblivion sunk!

AUTHOR.

Thus to condemn, when 'tis too late to mend,
 Reminds me of the d——d good natur'd friend
 Of Sheridan, and leads me to conclude,
 That Truth, poor honest Truth, is sometimes rude.
 Yet be it so—not mine the daring aim,
 To climb the steep and slipp'ry paths of fame;
 The ardor of that bold pursuit be theirs,
 Whom Fortune frees from many meaner cares,
 The Rogerfes and Walpoles of the day,
 Whose works, correctly elegant, display
 The ease of affluence, so rarely join'd
 To learning's treasures, or a musing mind.
 If, in the scenes I draw, it should be said,
 No tow'ring flights of fancy are display'd,
 No magic pow'r of genius there appears,
 Now moving mirth, and now enforcing tears,
 One secret voice, at least, shall sooth my heart;
 (Nor will I tremble at the Critic's dart;)
 Conscience shall sweetly whisper this applause,—
 "Thou hast not injur'd Virtue's sacred cause."

BARNWELL.

CHAP. I.

As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred drags below;
So flew the soul to it's congenial place.

THE eye that has witnessed the peaceful departure of a just man's spirit in the presence of affectionate relatives, and revering friends, has beheld a spectacle solemnly delightful, and awfully interesting, beyond all power of description.—On such occasions the heart trusts not to the tongue's feeble utterance, but rushing to the countenance, there delineates it's emotion in a language without words. Such was the scene at the rectory of Hanworth: it's worthy incumbent had heard with resignation, the opinion of his physician, that no human means could save him. Mortification had advanced almost

to

to its last stage. Yet, though he felt no pangs of guilt, no dread of future worlds, though perfectly resigned to die, there were attractions, whose resistless force still held his wishes for a longer life—Around that couch, from which he never was to rise, knelt objects that had awakened in his breast, the finest feelings of a husband, father, friend.

The amiable woman, who at an early age had given him her hand, and with it the worthiest of hearts, too deeply afflicted to weep, gazed alternately on her expiring husband, and on those, who were so soon to be the orphan pledges of his love, with the soul-piercing wildness of despair.

Their son, a youth of sixteen, held his father's hand clasped firmly betwixt both his own, and bent his face over it to conceal his tears.

A daughter, somewhat younger, with tears and swelling sighs mingled ejaculations to the Deity to spare a life so dear.

Leaning his head against the feet-posts of the bed stood Dr. Hill, the benevolent friend and skilful physician of the rector, whose serene countenance he appeared contemplating with pleasure.

"I could have wished he had arrived—I should have retired from the scenes of this life with less regret, had I committed these my only cares to his kind keeping" faintly uttered Mr. Barnwell. "But his own good heart," continued he, "will suggest to him all I could have said."

It was his brother to whom he alluded, who entered the room as he was speaking. His appearance changed the scene.—Mrs. Barnwell, Eliza, and George, clung round his knees, and seemed to hail him as the messenger of joy: but it was a momentary joy. Sir James had been anxiously expected.

pected, and his arrival, as it ended that anxiety, occasioned a momentary impulse of pleasure. But no sooner did the melancholy cause of his visit recur, than silence and sorrow ensued.

Sir James, after a pause, approached his dying brother, and an affecting farewell took place. Tears rolled down the pallid cheek of the worthy rector, as he pressed his brother's hand, and cast a meaning look upon his family. He sunk exhausted on his pillow.

"Think of this world no more, my brother," said Sir James: "from this moment this is my wife—these are my children—and all I have is their's!"

"My God! I thank thee," exclaimed the Rector—and expired.

CHAP. II.

These thoughts, my father, ev'ry spot endear,

And whilst I think, with self-accusing pain,

A stranger shall possess the lov'd domain,

In each low wind I seem thy voice to hear.

Yet, oh! poor cottage—and thou, sylvan shade—

Remember, ere I left your coverts green,

Where in my youth I mus'd—in childhood play'd,

I gaz'd, I paus'd, I dropp'd a tear unseen,

(That bitter from the fount of memory fell)

Thinking on him who rear'd you—now farewell!

BOWLES.

WHEN the first effusion of sorrow for the loss of friends is exhausted, and grief begins to listen to the voice of reason, there are certain arguments which custom, almost invariably, applies on such

such occasions ; such as, that—" we must all die,"—that " our loss is their gain,"—that " sorrow is useless, and tears cannot restore them to us."

Sometimes it happens that Prudence steps kindly in with some such counsel as this—" that though a husband, or a father, is gone, it is a comfortable consideration that his widow or his children enjoy the fruits of his industry and œconomy ; and that, instead of grieving for a calamity that is past, it were better to rejoice in the blessings that remain."

Such are the reflections that sooth the breasts of many an heir, and many a widow, beneath the sable shew of sorrow ; who oftimes by their chearful countenance, wisely endeavour to dissipate the gloom occasioned by the escutcheon that darkens the window of their ball room, and the black equipage that conveys them to the opera—

" Thus bear about the mockery of woe

" To midnight dance and the public show."

The family of the Barnwells, inheriting from the rector little else than his good name, were in no danger of insulting his memory by a joyful display of his wealth ; nor would their grief have been lessened by the possession of thousands. Every branch of this bereaved family was sensible of the loss it had sustained, and felt, when the violence of grief was abated, a regret more calm indeed, but not less sorrowful.

Sir James was, perhaps, the individual among them who, possessing the least sensibility, was the least affected : not that the knight was deficient in those feelings which are the honourable appendages of humanity, but he was older than Mrs. Barnwell by at least ten years, and had spent the greater

part

part of his life in a counting house, and on the Royal Exchange; which, though certainly the schools where industry may learn an honourable way to it's rewards, cannot be deemed the most favourable soil for the growth of those sensibilities which, though not virtues themselves, are at least Virtue's faithful allies.

Sir James was the first, therefore, to call the attention of his sister-in-law from the tomb which held her affections, to those duties which she owed to society, to her children, to herself.

"I am a lone man," said the knight, "and, by the blessing of heaven upon honest endeavours, have accumulated more than I shall ever spend. My brother, I know, accumulated in another way—his stock was the treasure of the mind—a proper possession, doubtless, for a clergyman, but for which his heirs are little or nothing the better.

"After the loss you have sustained, my sister," continued the knight, "I am sure your inclination is to quit this place as soon as possible. I insist on a visit to my old mansion, where we may leisurely discuss the plan I have in contemplation to make us all happy."

A proposal so perfectly congenial to her wishes was readily accepted by Mrs. Barnwell, and a day was named for their departure; but whilst herself and Eliza impatiently desired that day's arrival, George deprecated it's approach. To quit for ever his native home—cost his young heart—which was the shrine of sensibility—some struggles. Among the various objects that called reflection to it's pleasing, painful task, there stood in the centre of the garden a small temple, built in the gothic style, and dedicated to retirement. This was constructed under the direction of George himself, and was the favourite retreat of the Rector. To this place

place young Barnwell would frequently retire, where memory would rehearse to him those lessons, to which he had often listened with reverent attention—and, aided by fancy, would place his father's countenance and form before him.—As he strolled round the grounds, in one place a plant, in another some little monument with classical quotation, would remind him of the pleasing employment of his past hours.

“Days of happiness!—hours of hope!—farewell!” exclaimed the youth: “and you, sweet home, where first the light of heaven beamed upon these eyes—farewell! Oh, you have cheated me, false Hope! How often has my fainting father, too, added false prophecies to thy delusive tales! How often has he said, ‘When I am gone, my George, this plant shall speak to you of me—this tablet shall remind my son—that he must also die!’ and now, alas! some stranger’s eye shall gaze indifferent upon these plants—some fool, perhaps, shall scoff at Wisdom’s lesson—whilst those for whom they were designed, like the wanderers from Paradise, are driven to explore an unknown world!”

Such really were the reflections of a youth of sixteen, incredible as they may appear to those who judge of human nature, and it’s faculties, by the same calculations as a surveyor values timber, it’s size and growth. Such persons would deny the existence of Chatterton.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

- " Witness the sprightly joy, when aught unknown
 " Strikes the weak sense, and wakes each active pow'r
 " To brisker measures: witness the neglect
 " Of all familiar prospects, tho' beheld
 " With transport once—the fond, attentive gaze
 " Of young astonishment—the sober zeal
 " Of age—commenting on *prodigious things!*"

AKENSIDE.

ADJOINING the seat of Sir James stood the remains of one of those cemeteries for the living, called monasteries.—These mouldering and moss-covered relics afforded a more grand *coup d'œil*, from his park, than can be imagined by those whose contemplations have been confined to the *modern ruins*, with which it is fashionable to decorate the grounds of *modern villas*.

One of the aisles of the chapel still remained in it's original state, and afforded conversation matter for all the lovers of romance in the country. Spectres of all sizes and shapes, of either sex, had been seen, by moonlight or torchlight, at different times, playing most singular antics in the old abbey chapel. At one time it was a nun, at another a monk; and now assumed the terrific appearance of the

the fallen angel; and now danced along the aisle, in form most beauteous, to notes of most musical air.

Among other subjects which engrossed the attention of the company at the knight's table, a few days after his return from the rectory, the haunted aisle became a topic of conversation.

"Well, I don't know," said Sir James; "such things may be—spirits may walk. For my own part, I would neither obstinately deny all belief in stories of this kind, nor would I implicitly believe all I hear. What thinks my nephew George; he smiles as if he would convey a sort of contempt for things of this nature."

George blushed deeply. He had not been accustomed to speak in so large and respectable a company as the knight's hospitality had assembled, and felt considerable embarrassment in so new a situation. He recovered himself, and, with some hesitation, said, "I confess, Sir, I have been taught to consider stories of this description as ridiculous."

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed Mr. Sandall, the chaplain—"ridiculous! young gentleman; and wherefore, let me ask, ridiculous?"

"Because, being irreconcilable to truth and nature, they are beneath the dignity of serious argument."

"It must be confessed, Mr. Sandall," said the knight, "that these appearances are supernatural."

"Allow me, to remark, Sir James," obsequiously said Mr. Sandall, "that is no proof of their non-existence; besides, with all deference, I would ask how we, whose ideas are so finite, can pretend to limit the operations of the Author of nature."

And then raising his voice triumphantly, and fixing his small sharp eyes on Barnwell—"I believe,

believe, young gentleman," interrupted he, "if you had seen the appearances these eyes have witnessed, at the abbey, your courage would have fled with your incredulity."

George only bowed.

A Miss Lucas, a neighbouring maiden lady of fortune, could not suffer so charming a subject as ghosts to be dropped so easily.

"Surely, Sir," said this lady to Barnwell, "you cannot presume to put your opinion in competition with such high authorities as Drelincourt on Death, and Dr. Johnson. You will allow, I hope, there are ghosts, though it may not have been your privilege to have seen them."

"Without incurring the charge of vanity, I apprehend," said Barnwell, "that I may hold an opinion even against the greatest authorities: for you will allow, that judgment should yield to argument, not names. I have never beheld a spectre myself, and I am inclined to attribute the narratives of those, who say they have, to the influence of a weak or a warm imagination acted upon by accidental circumstances."

"It's rather singular, then," said Mr. Sandall, "that the greater part of mankind should have remained so long in error: for I conceive a majority believe in apparitions."

"There cannot be a doubt of that, Mr. Sandall," said Miss Lucas. "This is termed an enlightened age; and pray, does not the popular opinion sanction, almost exclusively, a novel, a romance, or a drama, where the prominent character is a ghost, or a dæmon?"

"And yet," replied Barnwell, "I cannot bring myself to consider even this universal patronage as the

the consequence of a general belief in spectres; unless it could be first proved, that the mass of mankind are most delighted with known truths: whereas, I consider the chief source of the pleasure in reading or seeing such unnatural productions, is, their remote distance from probability; which, creating a *monstrous novelty*, excites the attention of those, whose sole aim is amusement."

"Pray, Sir," said Miss Lucas, "have you among other things been taught a knowledge of the holy scriptures?"

"My father, Madam, was a clergyman," said George, with a degree of warmth; "and I was intended for the same holy office;" added he, with an emphatic sigh.

"Then, pray," said Miss Lucas, without feeling the rebuke, "do you believe the story of the Witch of Endor?"

"Pardon me," interrupted Sir James; "but it is a custom I have established at my own table, these thirty years, never to permit the discussion of religious or political subjects over the bottle. I beg leave, therefore, to propose a walk."

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

“ The passions affect the mind with greater strength
 “ when we are asleep than when we are awake—Joy—
 “ and sorrow give us more vigorous sensations of pain
 “ or pleasure at this time than any other.”

ADDISON,

WHY is curiosity most easily raised, or why most unquietly rest, in the female breast?

Eliza, whose modesty did not permit her to trouble the company with her observations, yet treasured in her memory all that had been said concerning the abbey.

When she retired to her chamber, the windows of which commanded a view of the ruins, she questioned the servant who attended her concerning the story of the haunted aisle. The incongruous narrative of Hannah served only to increase her curiosity, and she determined to pay a visit to the abbey the following morning before breakfast.

Sleep did not conquer the senses of Eliza, that evening, with it's usual ease. She had extinguished her candle, had whispered a prayer from the heart, and sought repose. A slight slumber brought with it the following dream—

“ She had reached the abbey ruins, and was just entering the haunted aisle, when a tomb which stood at the entrance seemed to rock at her approach.

Whilst

Whilst hesitating whether to retire or advance, the tomb became envelopped in an ascending vapour. In a moment the abbey ruins echoed the groans of one in the agonies of death; and as the vapour dispersed, there appeared kneeling on the tomb a most beautiful female, naked to the waist. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, her hair was dishevelled, and from her wounded breast blood trickled, whilst her hands in vain attempted to remove a dagger, whose fatal point was buried in her bosom. Eliza's attention to this spectre was so intense, that she did not notice the form of a man who stood contemplating with smiles the agonies of the female, until the sound of a harp, which he touched in a rapid manner, aroused her. His figure was handsome, his complexion a dark brown, and jet-black hair curled in ringlets on his forehead: his voice, which accompanied the harp, was melodious. Listening to his lively strain, Eliza was smote with horror and astonishment at the following rhapsody—

Flow softly—gently—vital stream;
 Ye crimson life-drops stay;
 Indulge me with this pleasing dream
 Thro' an eternal day

See—see—my soul, her agony!
 See how her eye-balls glare!
 Those shrieks, delightful harmony,
 Proclaim her deep despair!

Rise—rise—infernal spirits rise,
 Swift dark across her brain:
 Thou, Horror, with blood-chilling cries,
 Lead on thy hideous train.

O, feast

O, feast my soul—revenge is sweet:
 Louisa, take my scorn;—
 Curs'd was the hour that saw us meet,
 The hour when we were born!

Scarcely was the last stanza sung, when the trembling Eliza awoke from her dream; doubting for a considerable time, whether what she had seen or heard was not reality. Just as she had overcome the impressions arising from so horrible a vision, the night wind wafted by the casement of her chamber the tone of an instrument so similar to those she had heard in fancy, that, starting up in her bed, she drew aside the curtain, under an apprehension of beholding, awake, the vision of her sleep.

The chamber was in total darkness; but the same sounds were repeated; and hearing them now more distinctly, her heart sunk with terror at the certainty. She determined to quit her bed, and feeling her way to the window opened it. The same sounds were heard again, yet more distinctly, and she was convinced they came from the abbey ruins. She bent her eyes towards the spot whence they issued: in a few moments all was silence, and she beheld a lighted torch borne along the ruins, but the night was too dark to discern the person that carried it.

Returning to her bed, terrified and astonished, she began to reason with her fears. That the music was not imaginary she was convinced, and that it's influence, added to the impression of Hannah's incoherent narrative, which bore a resemblance to her dream, had occasioned the vision, she no longer doubted; yet not less strange appeared the reality than the vision. For what purpose any one could

ramble

ramble among the mouldering tombs of the abbey, she had yet to learn. Fear, at length, gradually retired from her breast; but it's most constant companion Curiosity remained.

CHAP. V.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain;
Comets are regural, and Wharton plain.

POPE.

"THERE is a very singular coincidence of your dream with the music you really heard," said George to his sister, who had unburthened her mind to him, according to her usual practice. "Do you remember enough of the place you supposed was the abbey, to compare what you saw in your dream with the ruins themselves?"

"Beyond a doubt," said Eliza.

"We will take a ramble there in the evening," replied George; "and should there be a tomb in the old aisle resembling that in your dream, I think we should relate the whole to Sir James. Murder," added he, "is a crime, above all others, offensive to the Deity; and if ever the Omnipotent displays a miracle, I can conceive nothing more likely to occasion his supernatural interference than detection of so foul a crime."

They

They separated. At dinner they joined a numerous circle of the neighbouring gentry. It was the custom of Sir James, once a year, to invite them all without exception. At other times he indulged his pleasure in a selection. On this occasion he relinquished his prejudices, and though himself a whig of the old school, and a high church-man, there were at his table individuals of as various a cast, as a circuit of ten miles round contained.

Among these visitors, there was one most opposite to the worthy knight in his principles and his manners, and whose residence was contiguous to Sir James's.

By the opposite to a whig, used to be formerly understood a tory; and by the opposite to high-church, low-church was suggested. Now Mr. Mental was neither whig nor tory, nor a high, nor low church-man; yet were his principles more at variance with Sir James than a Jacobite presbyter's; the latter only differed with the knight as to the person of a king and the modes of religion. Mr. Mental was supposed to be equally averse to all kings, and to all religion.

As his figure and dress were the most singular imaginable, they rendered him conspicuous in all companies. He was of a large make, but thin; his face pale; his hair, a coal black, cropped short in the neck; his dress, always the same, a suit of plain brown cloth. He would eat nothing that had ever enjoyed life; nothing in which sugar was an ingredient; and his drink was water. He never smiled; and the only pleasure he ever appeared to enjoy, was the triumph of argument. To obtain this pleasure, he would constantly controvert the most allowed truths; delighted in attacking revela-

tion, and was indefatigable in discovering the scruples of his hearers on religious points.

The irremediable evils of society were his dearest topics, and the climax of his felicity was, by the abuse of the eloquence he possessed, to render discontent triumphant.

He had resided in the neighbourhood many years, but saw no company at his own house, and very rarely accepted an invitation to any other; whenever he did, it was his invariable custom to single out one from the younger part of a company, with whom he would abruptly begin a conversation.

George and a young baronet, of one and twenty, were engaged in some trifling discourse, when Mr. Mental tapped the latter on the shoulder, and asked him if he had read a celebrated novel, much talked of.

"I never read novels," said the baronet.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Mental.

"It is throwing away one's time, to say the best," replied the baronet. "I make a point never to read any thing of that sort. I never read a novel in my life, and I never will; they're well enough for girls."

"Prejudice—Prejudice—Prejudice—how art thou worshiped in this life!" exclaimed Mr. Mental. "I suppose, then, you plunge a pretty good depth in literature of a more abstruse or erudite nature," continued he. "Have you looked into the Political Justice?"

"I make a point never to read works of that description; I understand it's object is to turn every thing topsy-turvy; and I feel no sort of inclination to be made giddy. I leave this sort of thing to your revolutionists."

"Prejudice again," cried Mental.—"Perhaps, then,

then, you dive into the mines of science. You read—

“Oh, no, believe me, not I. I was obliged to do something in that way at Pembroke. But I’ve done with lectures compleatly; and, to own the truth, the only science I care about now, is, to make an estate of ten thousand a year bring me happiness in the way I like it.”

“I crave your pardon then,” said Mr. Mental. “Had I known you were in the possession of ten thousand a year, I should by no means have suspected you guilty of possessing a mind.”

“Is there no prejudice in that observation, Sir?” said Barnwell, with a smile of modest diffidence.

Mr. Mental, instead of answering, fixed a pair of large black eyes on George; and, folding his arms upon his breast, examined every feature of his countenance. After a considerable pause—

“You, I believe, do not possess ten thousand a year,” cried he; “but if I am not much, indeed, deceived, you have materials of which a skilful artist might form a great mind. Allow me to ask you—have you a father?”

George gave an expressive look.

“He has left you!—Did I know him—was he of these parts?”

George satisfied his curiosity.

“Unfortunate!—unfortunate, indeed!” continued Mental, “that such materials should have fallen into such hands. You of course endeavour to compel your reason to adopt all those doctrines which priestcraft teaches.”

“Sir,” replied Barnwell, with the glow of indignation on his cheeks, “the honoured person to whom, without knowing him, you apply a common-place epithet, never strove to inspire a senti-
ment

ment in the breast of his children, to which the most enlightened reason could object."

"You rejoice me," cried Mental—"You have not then imbibed the jargon of superstition, called religion."*

"Superstition and religion in your dictionary, then, are synonymous terms," cried Barnwell.

"In the dictionary of truth they are so," replied Mental. "What is religion—but ceremony, or a set of ceremonies:—what are ceremonies, but superstition! For instance; how absurd, how degrading to a human being, with faculties so comprehensive that all nature bows before him, to which she unfolds her secrets and submits her laws—I say then it must be beneath the dignity of such a creature to bend his knees, to bow his head, and mumble syllables of absurdities strung together centuries ago, when, by the exercise of his own powers, he might be introduced into the arcana of great Nature herself."

George replied—"The dignity of human nature, Sir, is no new subject to me. My father taught it me truly, and exemplified his doctrines by his conduct. He taught me, Sir, that the dignity of our nature cannot be degraded by a

* Some readers may deem it an impertinent interruption, if not an impeachment of their understandings, to be reminded "that the sentiments which are put into the mouths of various personages in a novel, are for the illustration of their various characters, and ought never to be viewed in any other light." But the author would rather incur the blame of an unnecessary interruption, than suffer the possibility of a supposition that it was his wish to disseminate principles, which it is his aim to destroy.

public

public acknowledgment of our obligations to the Author of nature, according to the customs and manners of our country; and that it is better to sanction, by example, even prejudices, which cannot be momentarily and safely removed, than by ridiculing those institutions, which the mass of our fellow citizens hold sacred, to give the reins to uncultivated nature."

"There is a vein of independence in your reasoning I admire extremely, however much we may deviate in our conclusions," said Mental.

This introduction led to a long conversation, in which each seemed to take an interest. Mental appeared less and less disgusting in the eyes of George, and George delighted old Mental, who expressed a wish that this would not be the last of their conversations.——

"You are an inmate of Sir James's, I presume," said he.

"For the present," said Barnwell:—"but in a week or two I shall quit this place for London."

"For London?" cried Mental. "What takes you to that focus of corruption and folly?"

"My uncle has most generously entered into a treaty with a merchant there, a share of whose concern is to become mine, after the usual initiation."

"A merchant!" exclaimed Mental.—"Can you confine your capacities then to the boundaries of a counting-house ledger—and condemn your noble faculties to calculations of courses of exchange? Have you thought what you are about?"

"I believe I have thought too much about it," replied George. "To speak candidly, I have been at no small pains to make a match betwixt

duty and inclination; but the latter receives the addresses of the former, even yet, but coolly."

"Mr. Barnwell," said Mental earnestly, "as you value your happiness for life, reflect—now is that important moment; in the period of your existence, that will gild with pleasure, or darken with discontent, every scene as yet behind the veil of time. I feel a lively interest in your welfare; and if you can trust yourself with me for an hour, to-morrow, I will venture to say you will not regret it."

CHAP. VI.

"And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
"And whisper one another in the ear."

SHAKESPEARE.

A SUMMER day drew towards its close—carriage after carriage had rolled away the well-pleased guests of the worthy knight, and silence once more reigned in the temple of hospitality.

While Eliza, with a palpitating heart, accompanied her brother to the haunted aisle, the impressions of terror revived in her breast as they entered the avenue from the park, which led directly to the ruins.—They were at the entrance of the aisle—Eliza trembled—

"Stay," said George; "it is dark, and we are far from the house. A thought strikes me—I have

have little dread of ghosts—but it is not impossible that this retreat may be the rendezvous of beings less merciful, and more powerful, than mere spectres. Were we to be attacked, our loudest cries would reach no friendly ear.—Do you wait a moment behind this old column, and listen attentively. I will go on. Should there be danger, you will hear my cries (they shall be loud enough), and immediately run as fast as possible towards the house—it's a straight road, and you cannot miss it."

When George had resolved on any purpose, he always adhered to it. Remonstrance on the score of his personal danger was in vain, and the anxious Eliza clung round the pillar in trembling expectation. A few minutes elapsed—Eliza grew impatient. A few minutes more passed away—no noise was heard—no brother returned. The whole space of time was less than ten minutes—but how much longer it appeared in the reckoning of suspense is easily conceived.

At length she heard a distant sound of footsteps;—it approached nearer;—she left her retreat, thinking to meet her brother; when a form, muffled in a long black cloak, and masked, met her at the entrance of the aisle. She screamed—In an instant George was at her elbow; but the cause of her alarm was vanished.

"Surely I cannot be deceived," said George. " 'Twas certainly a man—I saw him most distinctly. A black cloak and a mask were lying on the very tomb you have described. As I approached it, a man, who was kneeling near it, started up, hurried on the cloak and mask, and, presenting a pistol, spoke these remarkable words

——“ I am discovered !” Ere I had recovered from my surprise he vanished.”

“ For heaven’s sake, my dear brother, let us quit this situation : it may be the abode of murderers,” said Eliza.

They walked swiftly toward the house——“ There are so many singular circumstances combined in this adventure,” said George, “ that I am determined to relate the whole affair to Sir James.”

It was late when they reached home ; the family were assembled at supper, and the looks of Eliza answered the purpose of a preface to George’s narrative.

“ Now, young gentleman,” said Mr. Sandall, triumphantly, “ I suppose you concede a little of your scepticism against apparitions.

“ Not a scruple,” said George.

“ What ! will you allow nothing supernatural in the dream of Miss Barnwell—nothing supernatural in the description she gives of the tomb she never beheld ?”

“ True,” said George, “ she never beheld this tomb ; but Hannah has seen it, and in describing it to my sister, so impressed the image on her mind, that it is impossible to doubt the origin of her dream.”

“ Did Hannah, too, impress her mind with the poem she so well remembered ?”

“ Hannah told me a confused story, something similar in its circumstances to those in my dream,” said Eliza.

“ I have heard,” said Sir James, “ stories of this nature frequently repeated ; but, till now, I own, I never paid a serious attention to them. What has happened, however, determines me to take some active measures towards unravelling the
apparent

apparent mystery. In the morning I will myself see the place, and examine it's appearances."

In the morning the knight, with a numerous train of attendants, sallied forth to survey the haunted aisle. He was supported on his right hand by the superstitious Mr. Sandall, on his left by Barnwell. A few armed domestics preceded them.—Arrived at the entrance of the aisle, Mr. Sandall paused.

"If I might advise," said he, "the servants, I conceive, should first search the place, for they are armed."

"But what are arms against incorporeal substances, Mr. Sandall?" said George. "Besides, we can take the arms which the servants carry, who may wait here, and be within call, if their assistance is wanted."

"Foolish scheme enough!" said Sandall, terrified in no small degree.

"Suppose," continued George, "some dæmon really tenants the old tomb, what do the servants know of exorcising? Come, Sir, let us enter. I'll take this musket, and if the inhabitants are formed of tangible stuff, a bullet may be useful, in case of attack; on the other hand, should they be spiritual residents, I shall turn them over to the discipline of the church."

"Not so much levity," said Sir James. "I apprehend no danger; but there's no telling—so go on, Joseph we'll proceed—as we set out."

Some minutes passed in the most profound silence. Nothing was heard, nothing was seen, that could justify the most distant conjecture. George could hardly refrain smiling, and in his heart exclaimed—"I would this solemn mockery

were ended ;” but his uncle’s reproof was yet recent. At length—

“Are you sure you saw upon this tomb—this this very tomb, a mask and cloak?” said Sir James: “that you also saw a man kneel near this tomb—saw him rise—put on the mask and cloak—Are you perfectly convinced no part of this was imagination?”

“I am sure I saw all that you have stated.”

“Tis very strange!” said Sir James.

“Very strange!” said every one.—

“Could not this tomb be moved?” said George, “Were we in the forests of Germany, I should be induced to think, from circumstances, that it covers the trap door of some subterraneous cavern.”

“Aye, Sir,” said Joseph, an old domestic of the knight’s, “you have hit the right nail on it’s head now. To be sure it’s no business of mine ; but if I was a magistrate—”

“Hold your tongue, Joseph—What would you do, if you were a magistrate?” said the knight in a breath!

“Why, might I be bold to speak the truth, I do think murder lies hid under this here monument ; and if I was a magistrate, it should be all pulled down, and dug under, and my life on it, but murder lies at the bottom.”

“That can’t be done without the consent of the owner,” said Sir James, “or some better grounds of suspicion than we have at present.”

“Do you not own the ruins, Sir?” said George.

“Not this part of them,” said the knight.

“All the land on this side the row of alder trees belongs to the next estate.”

“And who owns that?” asked George.

“Mr.

"Mr. Mental, the cynic you saw yesterday. What do you start at?"

"Nothing, Sir," replied George, hesitating;

~~—~~ "but Mr. Mental is a strange man."

"Ah, God forgive him, if all they say be true," cried old Joseph, with an expressive shake of the head.

"God can't forgive him," cried Sandall: "he's an atheist."

"He is a singular man, undoubtedly," said Sir James; "—and people will talk. Nobody, it seems, knows who or what he is, or where he came from. But I have heard old men, who remember his first coming here, whisper strange stories."

George was ruminating. — After another fruitless search they returned home.

A variety of conjectures presented themselves to the fertile imagination of George, all pointing to Mr. Mental. He now conceived, that the man he had seen the preceding evening was Mr. Mental. He imagined the voice he had heard resembled Mr. Mental's, and built upon these impressions a suspicion to the disadvantage of his character. Quickly again his heart rebuked him for so illiberal a conclusion from a train of mere accidents. He recollected his invitation, and resolved immediately to visit him. Unwilling to awake those suspicions in the breast of another, which he was himself ashamed of cherishing, he determined to keep his visit a secret from the family; and merely observed, that as he wished to take a long stroll, it was doubtful if he should return before evening.

C H A P. VI:

Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit
Might never reach me more!

COWPER.

THE residence of Mr. Mental was a short distance from Sir James's. It was a large old-fashioned house, containing many rooms: of these only three were in use; one served as a kitchen and chamber for an old woman, his only domestic; a second was the sitting, eating, and sleeping room of her master; and the third was a study.

George rung a bell at the iron gate, which opened on a plot of ground before the house, that was formerly a lawn. In its present neglected state it would be difficult to call it by any name that would convey an idea of its appearance.

The above named old dame appeared at a window, and demanded the business of Barnwell. Having informed her master, George was admitted. Wading through 'weeds most rank and vile,' he at length found himself in the aforesaid sitting room, where Sarah told him her master would come to him.

After some time most patiently occupied in contemplating the motley furniture of the apartment, and a few ejaculations of surprise at so strange a mode of life, George ventured to call old Sarah, and ask if her master was particularly engaged;
if

if so, he would take another opportunity of seeing him.

"As to that, come when you will, he's always at his studies," said Sarah.

"Shall I go to him?" said George.

"God forbid!" exclaimed Sarah.—"Go into the study!—I have been here these twenty years, and no living soul but master has been in that study."

Every moment the curiosity of George was increased, and he felt a great inclination to chat with Sarah concerning her master, when the original himself appeared. George gazed earnestly at him as he entered, but could observe nothing in his countenance that in the least sanctioned his suspicions: there was no embarrassment, but an air of solemn ease, a kind of look that indicated a familiarity with grief.

"And you are really come," exclaimed he. "Is it the spur of curiosity has urged you to this compliance? Come, be honest, Sir. You wondered, doubtless, how an old fellow, like myself, could at first sight be smitten with an attachment to your countenance. Sir, I have read the wondrous volume of this world—I have been amongst men—I have bustled in the crowd. I have also been secluded from the herd; and in the silent musings of full many a year I have contemplated the strange variety of human nature.—Perhaps there is no passion, no impulse of the mind, that I have not experienced.—Man is familiar to me—I know the whole machine—its movements—and the nature of the materials of which it is composed. Often by the countenance men are deceived. I may be so. If I am not, you have an honest mind; by which I mean, that you are sincere; that

that your tongue utters, what your heart prompts, and your reason dictates. Now tell me, Sir, what kind of man you think me."

"Forming my judgment solely on appearances, I should suppose you a disappointed man; one whom misfortunes have induced to quarrel with the world."

"The very notions I should have entertained, had I seen my present resemblance at your age: for then I viewed mankind through the same fairy telescope that you do now. Then my delighted fancy saw such guests on earth, as Sympathy, Friendship, and Love; my heart hailed them for it's own; it panted for inmates so necessary to it's health and peace, and, like you, I should have thought that man unfortunate, who missed the bliss around him. But, *'Tis delusion all!* Apathy is the icy ruler of the hearts of men; interest destroys all social union, and sinks the master passion of the human soul below the appetites of brutes. Oh, young man, distrust—distrust thy fellows; suspect the tear of sympathy, refuse the hand of friendship, and should some siren voice tell thee of love, fly from the serpent, that only charms to kill. There is no sympathy; no friendship, no love amongst the apostate race of man. Do I not know it—have I not felt it!—"

The gesture that accompanied this apostrophe was that of the extremest anguish. George was affected, and Mental saw the emotion he had excited.

"Nay, nay," said he, "I mean not to insinuate, that I am peculiarly wretched.—'Tis the common lot—the destiny of man—to be deceived, to hope and be deceived again. Just as an infant who sees the rising bubble, that his breath has
formed,

formed, burst as it ascends, will still pursue another. But this is a sombre discourse to a young man just stepping into life, and by no means the subject on which I wished to speak to you. You have received, I think, a liberal education."

George here expatiated on the benefits he had received from the tuition of his father, in most lively colours.

"Your father must have been a man of erudition; and not only so, but a man of taste and feeling. Do you imagine he would have approved of your entering into commercial concerns?"

"His intentions were very opposite."

"And I believe your inclinations are the same."

"I cannot conceal the truth, they certainly are."

"Are you aware of the consequences of entering upon a plan of life, where your duties and interests will excite a perpetual rebellion of intellect, and in which it is impossible to unite the cultivation of those mental powers you possess, with a respectable progress in business?"

"I have thought on this,--again and again I have thought on it--but what can I do? The will of my benefactor, of my mother, overpoises all other considerations. To refuse the bounty of the former, would offend him, and render miserable a most excellent mother. I must therefore entreat your forbearance on this subject, however much I am obliged by your generous intentions."

"Nay, I will not forbear. Would you see a passenger approach a lion's den, from which you had escaped, and think it unpollite to interrupt him? Nor will I, who have experienced the miseries I see you running after, suffer any motive to stifle Caution's voice. When you shall feel the shackle's weight

weight upon your prisoned mind, when the aspiring soul shall lift it's wing to soar, in vain; then, youth, you will know the importance of this moment,

"If the detail would not be tiresome, there are particulars in my own experience, that might, perhaps, teach you a lesson. I have not, for many years, talked of myself to others; but if you would not hold your time ill spent in listening to my tale——"

"I should ill deserve so great a favour, Sir," interrupted Barnwell, "if I could estimate it's worth no better."

"I did not expect your compliment, nor do I admire it," said Mental; "I merely obey an impulse, which would be painful to resist, in this mark of my regard for you. You have a heart of sensibility—you have a mind superior to your years—Don't think *I* compliment now, for it is matter, in my imagination, rather of condolence, than congratulation. But to my story.

CHAP. VII.

"It is rather singular, that none but Princes and Monsters have the privilege of exciting curiosity at their birth. A man of genius is dropt among the people, and had first to encounter the difficulties of ordinary men, without that confined talent which is adapted to a mean destination.

D'ISRAELI on the Literary Character.

"THE father of the man you see before you," said Mental, "was a tradesman. He was unfortunate in the concerns he undertook, somewhat negligent

negligent in consequence of misfortunes, and, at last, brokenhearted with disappointment, sunk poor to the grave.

"My mother had gone there long before, when I was little more than five years old. My parents had brought up several of their children to the period of youth; but at the demise of my father I was their only offspring living.

"It may be well to remark to you a few traits of my earliest years, as peradventure you may somewhere trace a resemblance. I remember perfectly well, that, when only four years old, it was frequently my amusement to mount upon a chair, arrayed in my mother's white apron, and assembling round me my younger brothers, an old woman their nurse, and my mother, to preach with considerable vehemence.

"The prediction concerning me at that period elevated my future fate to a mitre. After my mother's decease, I went three or four times with a relation to the theatres, and I still recollect the wonderful impulse I felt to leap upon the stage, and join the performers.

"A similar sensation often seized me at church, where I always wished myself in the pulpit. I know now that this was ambition in embryo; and had my parents' situation in life placed an army within my early views, I doubt not I should have felt the same impulse to have seized the truncheon from a General, as I did to displace the clergyman from his pulpit, or thrust the performer from the stage.

"At seven years old I possessed all the gravity of a sage. The pastimes of other boys were my aversion. Books of all descriptions that came within my reach I read, but not with that delight
that

that animated me in scribbling over every piece of paper I could procure, with what I called my studies. The effusions were generally of a similar nature with the book I had last read; and of course I was a theologian, a dramatist, a poet, and a novelist, in turn. Nothing, however, at this period was a greater treat to me, than to be permitted to remain at table after dinner, when the other children were sent to play, that I might listen to the discourse of my elders.

"My bodily frame was such as may be expected from an indulgent mode of bringing up in a city, and my own sedentary inclination—weak and delicate. This consideration induced my father, for some time, to object to placing me in a public seminary, where a relation offered to provide for me. Poverty, however, advancing rapidly towards his humble dwelling, and quickening its pace, after domestic oeconomy had quitted it with my mother, made him soon accept the offer of his cousin.

"I left my native roof ere I was eight years old, and became a member of the celebrated public school at Eton. This I esteem the first grand æra in my life. A public seminary is a little republic, where the honours and advantages of the community lie open to all; and in no other soil can the seeds of ambition be so well cultivated. Soon was the spark of emulation felt within my bosom, infusing energy and vigour into every action. The middling classes beheld me, with envy, pass their ranks; and the highest wondered at my swift approach. Success urged fresh endeavours, and ere I had attained my thirteenth year, I was qualified for the university; where I already was, in fancy, struggling for academical distinctions.

"Just before my fourteenth birth day, was the second

second grand æra in my life. My father died insolvent. A letter from his cousin, my benefactor, acquainted me, that, in consequence of some considerable failures in his speculations, his fortune was much lessened; and that he could not fulfil his intentions of supporting me at the university; adding, that as I was now of an age to go into the world, he wished me to think of some trade I should like.

"You, Mr. Barnwell, can conceive my feelings; I cannot describe them. In the first moments of my disappointment, rage conquered reason, and I considered my benefactor worse than an assassin. 'My God!' exclaimed I, 'is he not a murderer? Has he not made me the parent of the fondest hopes, the brightest, dearest expectations? Did he not, himself beget these dreams of bliss which I have cherished? and now, with a word, he murders every hope!'—*Trade!*—my soul sickened at the sound. *Apprentice!*—horror was in the word, and every hope of happiness vanished from my sight. In another moment different feelings agitated me. My warm, romantic fancy, could not at once relinquish the views it had fostered. Pride aided fancy; and I persuaded myself, that was my genius but known, it would most certainly be patronized. I resolved to write to a celebrated nobleman, at that time a patron of literature. The same evening on which I received my cousin's letter, I wrote one for this nobleman, intending to send it the following morning; but in the morning my mind was in a different frame.

"I resolved to see my benefactor. He was an opulent tradesman, and resided in the metropolis. 'You have received my letter, Henry,' said he, 'I am sorry you should be disappointed in your views, though I have not a doubt but you will do much

much better in trade, than by drudging all your life-time over books. Have you any choice?"

"None that I can follow now, Sir. I have indulged a hope that my industry at college might possibly have recommended me——" "To be some great man's toad-eater," interrupted he: "Is that what you mean?—It could do nothing else for you. The church is absolutely beset with hungry suppliants. There's no arriving at the bar without a fortune; and as to physic, a man's talents will never recommend him to a patient, if he keeps no carriage. I wish to be your friend, Henry; and I think I know how:—it must be by placing you in such a situation, as, however disagreeable it may appear on entering, will lead you to independence."

"I began now seriously to reflect upon the truth of these observations. I recollected I was speaking to the only friend I had on earth; and though my pride suffered a severe wound, my judgment was improved in my own estimations."

"After a pause, I yielded my assent to the truth of his observations, and expressed a wish that I could write a fine hand, as it might possibly be in his power to procure me a genteel situation in some merchant's 'compting-house."

"He smiled at my wish.——" "You are in the same error there," said he. "I believe no set of men labour more, in general, than persons of that description;—and what is their reward?—a clean shirt, and a shining pair of shoes; which is pleasant enough for a young man in his teens. But think of the situation of such men, if they marry—if they live to old age! A mechanic, who earns fifteen shillings a week, is a prince to them. I by no means controul you: if you think genteel misery desirable,

desirable, you will be a merchant's clerk.

"I was humbled in my own sight; my heart no longer throbbed with the expectations that had delighted it; I felt it sinking, and a passive acquiescence in his sentiments was the consequence.

"We parted, with a promise from him to send me the address of a grocer the next day, on whom I was to wait as my future master.

"My colleagues at school saw an alteration in my countenance, and soon discovered my future destiny; which attracted the scorn of some, the pity of many.

"Instead of sleeping that night, my mind was busily employed in contrasting the real with the fancied situation that was to succeed my school days. My thirst for literature was never more to be indulged, but conquered. Ah! fatal delusion! I thought it might be conquered—But, hear me, Mr. Barnwell—and would to God all men might hear me—the thirst for knowledge is occasioned, Sir, by an unquenchable spark, and must be gratified, or will consume. Imagine not I mean to sanction idleness, which oft assumes the mark of genius, but is not, cannot be allied to it. Imagine not that I would sanction restlessness of mind, which scowls, dissatisfied, at its own lot, and covets every other. Imagine not that I approve that morbid sensibility, so oft mistook by its possessors for heavenborn genius,—by no means! But if the soul perceives with itself that active principle, which ease nor gain can satisfy; which, almost overlooking common things and common duties, soars into the regions of sublime enquiry; and creative fancy gazing with eagle eye even on the source of light,—Oh! then let him who feels the heavenly guest obey its sacred voice;

voice;—for I, who have contended with it's power, know that Genius is not to be subdued!

“ Let such a man resist the natural impulse he will feel to yield his inclinations to the well meant, but fatal, advice even of parents. Let no command, no tears, no supplications, even of Mother, bias him. Let sincerity be his guide, and firmness of mind his staff, and his pilgrimage will grow pleasanter in his progress: but if, to dry a momentary tear, or escape a momentary pang, he submits to smother genius, he seals his own misery, and deceives, besides himself, his friends. I did so; and mark my history.

“ I waited on Mr. Nutting, the grocer. He received me in a little room at the back of his shop, where Mrs. Nutting was sitting. They appeared plain, plodding sort of folks, remarkably neat in their dress, and precise in their discourse. After a variety of questions, Mr. Nutting enquired if I was sensible of the importance of an interest in the merits and sufferings of our Blessed Saviour. I cannot describe the astonishment this question occasioned me. Mr. Nutting saw my surprise—

‘ Well, well,’ said he, “ I see you have not been brought up with a proper sense of your eternal welfare. It is, however, a great mercy that you have been directed to this roof, where you will have the benefit of instruction and example in the right road. You may tell Mr. Darwall (the name of my benefactor) that I like you very well, and shall be ready to receive you to-morrow; and after a month's trial you may be bound.’

“ Every necessary was provided for me at Mr. Darwall's expence, and I bade farewell, with a sigh, to my school and my school companions.

“ I passed

"I passed my month of approbation.—Night after night, as I laid my head upon the pillow, I meditated upon my situation; and strong was the struggle betwixt what I esteemed my duty and my inclination. I often would the swell of independence elevate my mind to the contemplation of the most impracticable scheme!—As often would a sense of gratitude to Mr. Darwall, as well as an implicit faith in his assurances that my present (almost intolerable), situation would lead to future ease and comfort, baffle the suggestions of my romantic fancy.

"Thus, Sir, were the embers of genius damped, and the powerful energies of a thinking mind depressed by the duties of a mean destination. The progress of my tale will shew that, totally to extinguish the former, or destroy the latter, is beyond the power of circumstances, whilst the senses remain unimpaired."

CHAP. VIII.

The high-born soul
Did disdain to rest her heav'n-aspiring wing
Beneath it's native quarry.

ANALYST.

"THE menial offices which my situation compelled me to perform, at first were grating to my pride; but I soon discovered that to be a false pride, and,

and, by degrees, became it's master. I could stand behind the counter and chop sugar without feeling the shame of a mean action; but I was often roused from a reverie by my master, when I have been weighing out teas, and at the same time busily employed in the regions of fancy.

“ When the business of the day was ended, my apartment was the kitchen, my companions, a methodist old-woman, who was the servant, and her friend a black cat. Here I might have regaled myself after the fatigue of the day with reading; but unfortunately, the old lady's library, consisting of the Pilgrim's Progress, the Holy War, and a volume or two of sermons, was at that time little suited to my taste. The pious discourse of the old dame was still less pleasing; thus (too fatigued for bodily employment) sleep, or a meditation, were my only alternatives; and from these I was frequently roused by the tabernacle hymns, to the tune of which the old woman mended her stockings.

“ On Sundays I constantly attended the meeting to which my master belonged, where I was compelled to hear doctrines, at which my blood chilled, and my heart grew faint.

“ The gloom of Calvinism, the disappointment of my first hopes, the conquest of my pride, the dull and cheerless life I lead, in a short space of time so cooled the former ardor of my mind, that, if it is too much to say, I was heart-broken; I was reduced to that state of mind, which sees no brightening prospects in futurity, and which, ceasing to hope, studies and struggles to endure.

“ Such was the state of mind in which, with a trembling hand, I signed the indentures that con-
signed

signed me for seven years to the gloom of a cloister, without it's consolations or tranquility.

"Mr. Nutting, previous to my being bound, had often hinted to me, that I was slow in business; and thinking of one thing, whilst I was doing another; and having once caught me in the attitude of study, leaning upon a broom, with which I was sweeping the shop, he exclaimed—'Henry, this won't do; you seem more fit for a philosopher than a tradesman.'

"With this opinion, which was certainly a just one, Mr. Nutting ought not to have taken me as his apprentice. But Mr. Nutting was not a rich man; and Mr. Darwall had promised him a premium of sixty guineas.

"From what I have related, you will readily conceive that I made but poor progress in the art and mystery of the Grocer's Company; and though chearfully and willingly obeying my master in all his commands, I yet failed to please him: the natural consequence of a want of that energy in my business, of which inclination must be the parent.

"I was more fortunate with my mistress. She was of a mild temper, and humane disposition, and was a strict Calvinist from sincere conviction. Superior to her husband in intellect, she would frequently, when opportunity offered, enter on a conversation with me, discovered an amiable heart. She was mistress of all the controversies upon theological topics, and felt great delight in confuting the arguments of the opponents of Calvin.

"When you recollect, Sir, that Mrs. Nutting's was the only conversation I enjoyed, which embraced in any degree mental topics, you will not

be surprised, that, notwithstanding it was religious, I esteemed it highly. In short, I became delighted with these occasional recreations from the jargon of congou, beheh, fouchong, and hyson.

"Sill more delighted was I to listen to her, whilst she qualified the doctrines of Calvinism, and laboured to reconcile the benevolence of the Creator with the doom of the created, and the unborn. Her language was warm:—her colourings exhibited the strongest lights, and deepest shades. She staggered my reason, opened new scenes to my view, and so far conquered my objections, as to make me wish and pray that I could believe her creed.

"She perceived the crisis, and gave me permission to take what books I pleased from her book-case, which contained the whole body of Calvinistic divinity. Thus two or three years passed away, at the expiration of which I had become a zealous Calvinist.

"Power of the universe!—how I shudder, when I think upon the thousands who, at this hour, cherish in their breast those horrible ideas of Thee, which at that time formed my creed!

"I was about seventeen years old, when Mr. Nutting, one evening, was sent for in great haste to visit a stranger who had lately taken a lodging at the next door, and who was then at the point of death.

"This stranger was a man, who, having obtained early in life the possession of a considerable estate, had given the reins to his passions, and had indulged in every pleasure that a vitiated taste and corrupt principles suggested. On the bed of sickness his heart smote him.

"Chance

“Chance had led him to the house he was in, and the landlord of that house was a strict dissenter, of the same persuasion as Mr. Nutting, whose sanctity and upright conduct had been frequently proclaimed in the hearing of the dying man. He requested to see him; derived a pleasing consolation from his discourses and prayers, and placed in his breast an ample confession of his crimes.

“There was only one object living, for whom, in his present situation, he felt any concern; and that was a daughter, the fruit of an illicit amour in the West Indies.

“This daughter he had brought up with the true affection of a father, having bestowed a very liberal expence upon her education at a very eminent school in the vicinity of the metropolis, where she then resided as a boarder.

“For this daughter Captain Ellison felt an increasing concern as his own end drew nearer. Himself grasping eagerly at the hopes and promises of eternal happiness offered to him by Mr. Nutting, on the simple condition of believing, he became anxious that his Elinor should share the same blessings, but which he now fully persuaded himself she would never taste, unless converted to the same faith with that which he himself had embraced.

“Such, at length, was the confidence he reposed in Mr. Nutting, that he made a will, by which he bequeathed an estate in Hertfordshire, and some considerable property in the funds, to his daughter, upon the express condition of her residing with Mr. Nutting till her twenty-fifth year, or till her marriage with his consent.

"So strictly was his will drawn up, that Mr. Nutting, who was his sole executor, obtained by it an unlimited controul over his ward during her minority, and an arbitrary disposal of her in marriage, besides the interest of her property whilst she resided in his house.

"The Captain died. Miss Ellifon had visited him two or three times at his lodgings, and was apprized of his intentions respecting her. A day was appointed for her removal, and I was ordered by my master to take a coach from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington, to bring Miss Ellifon and her appurtenances to the Strand.

"Well do I remember the scene at Kensington. Affection truly maternal glowed in the charming countenance of the governess, who threw her arms round the neck of her departing charge, and buried tears of sensibility in her bosom.—The young ladies, her companions, saluted her with a warm and sincere affection, whilst even the youngest of the scholars clung round her, kissing her hands and twitching her robe, whilst a buzz ran round the room, of—Remember me, Miss Ellifon—Pray, remember me!"

"My native tenderness was rising;—but the gloomy principles I then nourished check every generous feeling of the heart, as allurements from the love of heaven!"

"Miss Ellifon at length burst from their embraces, and hurried into the coach. I took my seat opposite to her, and imprinted on my memory a face and form never—no, never—to be erased!"

"As Mr. Mental uttered the last sentence, he sighed deeply, and covered his face with his hand. Recovering himself—

"Sir,"

"Sir," continued he, "she was not, perhaps, the most beautiful woman in the world:—her complexion, though she left Jamaica when an infant, was rather tinged with an olive hue; but her features were the notices of those inmates of the female breast, which charm the soul of man—sweetness of temper, and conquering submission; whilst the soft expression of her eyes indicated the superior cultivation of an exquisite mind.

"She first broke a silence of some duration by asking me, if I was the son of Mr. Nutting, which lead to several other questions; the result of which was a short description of the family she was about to enter, for which she expressed her thanks, though I saw the pain which the intelligence occasioned her.

"I pass over her introduction to her guardian and Mrs. Nutting, but must not omit to mention a conversation which took place in the evening, whilst I was assisting in the unpacking some boxes in the apartment allotted for her chamber. There were some shelves in the closet—"I am glad to see these shelves," said Miss Ellison, "for I have books enough to fill them." "Books—books!" said Mr. Nutting; "what books, child? Let me see—it's proper I should see what books you have." "Certainly, Sir; was the reply; though I flatter myself you will approve the selection, for they have received the approbation of my dear Mrs. Herries."—"I dare say Mrs. Herries is a good sort of moral woman; but what are her religious sentiments? There is the important point."

"By this time I had untied the cord, and began placing the books upon the floor. Mr. Nutting

took up a volume, and opened it—‘What a’-prize is this, child? Eh!—outlandish jargon, I take it. What is it?’

‘It is a system of geography in French, Sir,’ replied Elinor.

‘French!—ah, well; it may be Dutch, or Greek, or algebra, or any thing else, for what I know; but I must take this here book, and all them there, that I don’t understand myself—Pack of nonsense, I dare say—but they’ll cut up for the shop.’

‘Oh, dear Sir,’ said Elinor, ‘you would not, surely destroy my library! If you do not approve of my reading French, I pledge my word I will not. But, pray, do not destroy the books: several of them are valuable.’

‘Pledge your word—Yes,—yes—pretty pledge enough. No, no—the safest way is to put it out of your power. I stand in a most awful situation, child. I shall have to answer for the great charge of your soul, that has been so providentially committed to my care, and nothing shall you read that I do not understand.’

‘Elinor looked astonished; but Mr. Nutting did not notice her. Having laid his hand upon another book—

‘Mercy on us!—here’s a play book!’ exclaimed he. ‘Did your Mrs. Herries know of this too?’

‘O dear, yes, Sir; there are eight volumes of them; they are the immortal Shakspear’s.’

‘God forgive you, child! Immortal!—Yes; he is, doubtless, in immortal torments. Here, Henry, take the immortal Shakspears away.’

‘Poor Elinor trembled—Mrs. Nutting saw her distress.—

You,

‘You should consider, my dear,’ said she, ‘Elinor has been brought up by worldly people; and though it is an infinite mercy that brought her to our roof, there must be an inward change wrought in her heart before she can be brought to see the folly of her worldly wisdom.’—

‘How I blessed my mistress. She spoke my thoughts. Mr. Nutting made no reply, but proceeded with the true zeal of an inquirer.’

‘Milton’s Paradise Lost! Aye, put that on the shelf, if you will,’ said he. ‘Hervey’s Meditations!—that you may take. But, here, put all the rest up in the box, Harry, and carry them, for the present, up to the loft; take a hammer and nail the box down; I can’t stand looking now; I’ve got somewhat else to do. So, child, if you want books to read *ax*, Mrs. Nutting, and she’ll put what’s proper into your hands; though I think the needle suits best of week days; and on the sabbath you may read your bible.’

‘Surprise, regret, and something like anger, mingled their influence in the mind of Miss Ellison, and a tear stood quivering in her eye. I obeyed so much of my master’s orders as to carry the box into the loft, and intended to finish my commission when I went to my chamber, which was one story lower than the loft. But, oh, sovereign genius—invincible power—unextinguishable spark!—then, again, thy smothered embers blazed!’

‘Taking my candle and my hammer, I ascended the loft, I placed my candle on the floor, and was about to drive the nail, when a sudden impulse of curiosity arrested my arm.—

‘Suppose, thought I, I just look over these books. They are profane, said Calvin; they are the

the productions of men destitute of the enlightening spirit of God, and may tend to draw your affections from holy things.—

“Only one peep, cried curiosity; perhaps I may meet some old acquaintance that I have almost forgotten; for it was full three years since I had looked into any book save the theological labours of calvinists.

“Down I dropped upon my knees. ‘If it be a sin, God forgive it; if it is temptation, Lord deliver me.’ I opened the box, trembling; I took up a volume and opened it. It was a volume of Shakspear, and the passage that caught my eye was the speech of Portia on mercy. As I read, my heart grew warm; as I proceeded, it grew warmer; and when I came to the line—‘It is an attribute to God himself,’ it literally glowed within me.

“This speech had been my favourite at school, and I had spoured it a hundred times. It brought to my recollection another, for which I eagerly searched, and found in the same author; ‘O gentle sleep, &c.’ My spirits seemed to have gained a deliverance from fetters; my heart beat quicker than for a long time past; and I went on devouring the contents of the box with as much appetite as a hungry man would a dinner. I tasted every dish that presented itself, and found each dish a dainty. Nearly at the bottom of the box was a volume of Sir Charles Grandison, which I opened at the interesting conversation of Sir Charles and Lady Clementina upon the topic of religion. Conceive the interest I felt; and judge my regret when I heard the clock strike three, and saw the approaching departure of my light, which

which glimmered in the socket of the candlestick. I found my way to bed in the dark; but sleep was far off.

"The spring of reason, than had been stretched to impotence by bigotry, seemed by this accident to have recovered its elasticity, and once more resumed its operations——Oh, Superstition, how greatly to thy prejudice!"

"I recollected the scene in Miss Ellison's chamber. I placed before my fancy the ignorant piety of my master, and the profane intelligence of his steward. I dared even to trace the origin of their principles. I did more; I enquired, if it was a consistent idea, to suppose a beneficent Creator would grant a special light to a few of his creatures, by which they only should be guided to eternal bliss; whilst the multitude are doomed to wander through a dark passage to the precipice of everlasting woe? And when I had enquired,——I blushed!"

CHAP. IX.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night.

THOMPSON.

WHEN George arrived at the baronet's, a council was sitting to consider of proper measures to be adopted

adopted relative to the nightly appearances at the abbey.

George had been meditating all the way from old Mental's upon the same subject, and had determined to watch this night among the ruins. Over-ruling every objection that was started, he abided by his resolution; and when the rest of the family retired to their chambers, he muffled himself up in a box coat, armed himself with a brace of pistols, and sallied forth towards the ruins.

Darkness and silence reigned; with difficulty he discovered his way, and ere he reached the aisle, the echoes of the midnight chimes rolled amongst the ruins. At the same moment he observed a lighted torch glide slowly towards the avenue that led to the aisle: at the entrance the person who carried it turned round.—George stepped behind a column, and saw the same masked figure he had beheld on the preceding evening.

After gazing earnestly round him for a few seconds, the figure moved slowly towards the aisle. With a gentle tread George followed him, but stopped at the entrance of the aisle, and reclined his head against the remains of a stone arched gate-way, in the attitude of listening.

Presently the tones of a harp struck his ear: they were solemn, slow, and melancholy. After a few interesting movements, a voice accompanied the instrument. George could no longer resist the impulse of curiosity; but, creeping softly, entered the aisle. The Unknown sat with his back to the entrance upon a little stool, near the tomb, upon which lay his mask. A lamp burnt upon the ground, and the torch was extinguished. The anxiety of his mind prevented George from hearing distinctly the words of a ballad, but of which his memory retained the following fragment—

BALLAD

BALLAD.

Spirit of the lost Louisa,
Hear a wretch lament thy doom;
Drops of warm blood from his bosom
Sanctify thy early doom!

Spirit of the lost Louisa,
Whither dost thou roam to-night?
Art thou present—dost thou hear me?
Take some form, and bless my sight!

Slave of guilt, how rash thy prayer!
Lo! the horrid vision speeds:
Lo! a female form approaches—
See! her wounded bosom bleed!

From her cheeks are fled the roses,
Round her eyes no lustre plays;
Death has clasp'd his arms around her—
All her form his touch betrays.

Pale, and wan, and cold her face is,
And her heart has ceas'd to beat:
Worms now revel in her ringlets,
Worms now play around her feet.

Monster! ask the loathsome spectre
Why it quits the peaceful grave?
Is it to revenge foul murder?
Is it innocence to save?

Hark!—above loud thunders rattle!
From below blue flames arise!
Hark!—a voice, sepulchral, murmurs
“I'll not rest till Henry dies!”

Wretch

"Wretch, prepare thy soul for tortures—

"Tortures are prepar'd for thee!

"Murderer of youthful beauty,

"Endless pain thy portion be!"

During the time this ballad was singing George stood motionless, with his eyes fixed on the singer. When it was concluded, he withdrew a few paces back, to a spot where he might see, unobserved, what should pass.

As soon as he had finished this ballad, which appeared to agitate him extremely, the Unknown started from his seat, and, clasping his hands together violently, exclaimed—"Oh! what tortments—what tortures could cruelty invent equal to thy stings—thy scorpion stings—oh, inward hell of guilt!—oh, conscience! Am I for everlasting to endure these pangs? And will this worm for ever live within me?—Oh! that a blow could strangle it;—that, leaping into burning liquid could annihilate all thought! Why—why—fool that I am—why do I hesitate to try?"

As he uttered the last words he drew a pistol from his bosom—"This, in a moment, brings me to my—Would I could say, my end! But, no—no—no!—She did not cease to be, when this accursed arm plunged this bloody steel into her beauteous breast!" (holding up a dagger, bloody at the point)—"Somewhere she still exists; for still her spirit haunts her ruthless murderer!—steals from his pillow peace; and makes the light of day more hideous than dark and gloomy night!—meets me in every walk—crosses me in every path; and here—even here—where like an outcast wretch I mourn away my nights—here, too, it follows me, and makes a hell. Oh, wretch!—wretch!"

As

As he spoke, he threw his arms upon the tomb, and buried his face in his hands. The suspicions of George were just: his voice, his face, declared this confessor of murder to be Mental. Horror and astonishment struck him to the soul; he trembled, and shuddered at the discovery, whilst a varying train of ideas floated in his brain.

In a few minutes his attention was again arrested. Mental exclaimed—

“Away this dream of horror! Was she not faithless?” And then, in a softer tone—“Yes, *faithless as fair!*”

He flew to his harp, and moving his fingers briskly, seemed endeavouring to recollect some air. “Aye,—that was a favourite,” cried he. “how charmingly did she look when her snow-white arms were extended to touch these strings—her flaxen hair flowing in ringlets about her lovely neck—her expressive eyes beaming glances of love upon me—whilst her coral lips moved to the melody of an angel’s voice!—And yet I could destroy her!—could change that breathing beauty into putrefaction! I was that monster; and now, like an infant that has broke his toy, I could sit down and weep a life away! Oh! if repentance were availing—what do I not suffer!—Foolish mankind!—among thy race how many a holy penitent have I viewed; whose lengthened visage, and briny eye, has soothed away remorse! Why, then, in what a mould was I formed, that my wounds should resist all healing applications? Is there no balsam that may cure my soul?—Physician, Omnipotent Physician!—”

Here he sunk upon his knees; but in a moment starting up—

“Mental!”

"Mental! ar't turning Monk," exclaimed he, "as if an intercession could more avail with the All-powerful than his own benevolence? Call back time past—undo past deeds—bid the dead live—and then thou mayest expect the peace that thou hast parted with for ever!"

Not a syllable that fell from the lips of this miserable man was lost by George. Three hours passed away, during which Mental occasionally broke out into similar ejaculations, or played upon the harp. Soon as a distant bell tolled three, he lit his torch; and removing a large and heavy stone, which lay at some distance from the tomb, a kind of grave appeared, in which he deposited the harp, the lamp, and the stool, and replaced the stone; then, masking himself, he left the aisle, and George, at a cautious distance, followed him.

CHAP. X.

He has made his fortunes himself, and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men:—tho' at the same time I can say this of him,—that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

SPECTATOR.

UNDETERMINED in his mind, whether to reveal or conceal the discovery of the preceding night, George joined the family at breakfast. To

avoid

avoid their questions, however, he informed them generally, that he had been partly successful in his research; and that in another evening he expected to be able to unravel the whole mystery.

Fortunately a letter arrived from the knight, which turned the conversation from a subject that George would have encountered some difficulty in disguising, and which he did not wish to reveal till he had heard the sequel of old Mental's story.

This letter came from Mr. Freeman, a merchant of the old school, to whom Sir James had written concerning his nephew. Its contents ran thus—

“My good old friend,

“Your's of the 17th ult. came duly to hand. Your generous proposal on behalf of your nephew is such as becomes Sir James Barnwell. You know that, of late years, I have left the labouring oar in the hands of my god-son and partner, Mr. Francis Emery, who also married my ward, Georgiana Ruby. He is a man who will, one day or other, hold up his head as high as any merchant on 'Change. He is the confidant of the Minister; knows every thing before other people's eyes are open, and lets nothing go by. To be sure, I am told his establishment is showy, and expensive; but you know, my good friend, that in our own time there was no fishing without a bait. Emery knows what he is about; and though I have not been in town these six years, he sends me such accounts that make me as easy and as comfortable as if I looked over the ledger every night. Besides, is not my interest his interest?—tell me that, say I, when people would be putting me on doubting, and mistrusting. —Sometimes I think of withdrawing from the
concern

concern altogether : but then I think of my dear Maria, who grows the very image of her poor mother, and is the delight and comfort of my old age, and deserves every thing a father can bestow ; so that for her sake I keep on——But I fly from the subject. When your's came to hand, I wrote him thereon ; strongly recommended the youth, and inclosed your overtures. Now, as an old friend, I remit to you this answer, which will be sufficient directions for your proceeding.—Wishing every success to the young man, and every happiness to yourself, brings me to a close. So I remain your well-wisher,

FRANCIS FREEMAN.

Mr. Emery's letter was as follows.—

“ Dear sir, “ I hope it is unnecessary to repeat, that your wishes will ever be considered by me in the nature of commands, which it is my duty to obey ; besides, I perfectly agree with you that Sir James's proposal is extremely liberal : three thousand pounds down, and seven when the young man is admitted to an eighth of the profits, considering he is to take an active part, is an offer, in my opinion, not to be refused. As the nephew of Sir James Barnwell, I think he should domesticate with me ; and as your friend, Sir, I shall certainly treat him with every respect :—we shall therefore be happy to see him in Portman Place, as early as agreeable to himself. There are favourable reports from India ; but, as I intend writing upon business to-morrow, shall make my present letter a domestic one. Will you never accede to the petitions of Mrs. Emery and myself, and trust your Maria with

with us for a winter? You should, indeed, Sir, consider her age—nineteen, you know—and allow her some of those pleasures so naturally looked for at her time of life, and which the metropolis alone furnishes. Charlotte adds her entreaties to our requests; and we all unite in every good wish to you both.

“I am, dear Sir, gratefully and truly your’s,”

Francis Freeman, Esq.
Oak Hall, Yorksh.

Francis Emery.”

The discourse that followed the perusal of these letters was interesting; in which the benevolence of the worthy knight, and the gratitude of the Barnwells, were warmly delineated. That day week was fixed for the departure of George.

CHAP. IX.

They lov’d—but such their guileless passion was
As in the dawn of time informed the heart
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.

THOMPSON.

VARIOUS were the emotions which agitated the mind of young Barnwell, as he strolled towards the house of Mr. Mental. When he was introduced into his presence, he trembled.

“Ere

"Ere we parted, Sir," said Mental, abruptly, "I think I had introduced Miss Ellifson to your acquaintance, and bestowed some praise upon her person. It is absolutely impossible to pourtray her mind, at once simple and noble, condescending and dignified. I will not attempt even to sketch its outlines, but shall confine myself to a single narrative of facts, in which her actions will more faithfully unfold her mind, than can the most laboured description.

"However dissimilar the manners of the Nuttings were to those which a polished state had made her own; however abhorrent their gloomy notions of religion to a mind of exquisite sensibility, and an understanding of uncommon strength and cultivation; having once brought herself to believe it her duty to obey the injunctions of her father's will, she submitted, without sullenness, to their mode of life, and paid a decent respect to those duties which their religion enjoined them to observe.

"But do not imagine she played the hypocrite. She never avowed her dissent from their doctrines, and scrupled not to confess her dislike at their reclusive way of living. Honored—shall I not say blessed—with the confidence of this charming woman, my situation seemed changed from the most cheerless to the most blissful. We read, we conversed together; we wrote, and submitted our performances to the criticisms of each other. In short, we seemed mutually to confess, that in that house, at least, there was no pleasure but in each other's society. What the library in the loft had left unfinished, Miss Ellifson's conversations completed; and my soul once again glowed with hope.

"I looked

" I looked forward with impatience to the termination of my servitude, when, I imagined, I should burst forth upon the world as a prodigy of genius. The hours of pleasure which were heretofore gloomily spent in reading the horrors of Calvinism, were now employed in perusing various authors, or in the composition of verses. The subject of my verses, of course, was my Elinor.

" Having, one day, stolen a volume of Shennone from the box in the loft, the melody of his metre chimed in my ears, and I strung together some lines, which I'll repeat to you, that you may form some judgment of my romantic notions. You will remember, I was little more than eighteen.

I.

Ah! whither is happiness fled?

Ah! where is contentment conceal'd?

I'll seek them in yon lonely shed

Thro' woodbines and briars reveal'd.

There health and contentment reside,

There happiness oft is a guest;

Mirth sings by the wood-fire side,

And peace rocks the cradle of rest.

II.

Affrighted, from cities they fly,

Where Pleasure's enamouring bowl

Gives birth to the tear and the sigh;—

Seduces, and poisons the soul;

Where Treachery calls itself Trade,

And Honour dissolves into Gain;

Where the icicle heart is display'd—

An emblem of Apathy's reign.

III.

III.

Sweet Peace, and Contentment, and Health;
 To you shall my orisons rise;
 Above all the tinsel of wealth
 Your heart-thrilling blessings I prize;
 If constant my Elinor prove,
 And add, O Content! to thy store
 Her innocence, beauty, and love,
 I'm happy, and sigh for no more.

"Having copied this effusion for Miss Ellison, unfortunately I left it upon my master's desk. He found it. Not with more voraciousness does the hungry tiger seize upon its prey, than did Mr. Nutting upon my poor *morceau*. Foaming with anger, he flew towards me, and tearing into ten thousand atoms the cause of his indignation, he threw them in my face.—'Here's going on,' exclaimed he: 'Here's attention to business. Why it's an abominable heathenish hymn, or love elegy, or some such stuff; trumped up to seduce the affections of my ward. But I'll put a stop to it. If ever I see you speak to her, or look at her, I'll—' Here, choked with anger, he stamped his foot, and threw down three pots of honey; an accident that by no means helped to restore him to reason.

"The consequence of this discovery was an abridgement of the opportunities of conversing with my Elinor, and a more rigid line of conduct towards Miss Ellison herself.

"Shortly after this event, another occurred of most decisive consequences towards us both. A relation of Mrs. Nutting's was taken ill, and requested her attendance. She went to reside with her

her a few weeks at Hampstead. On the Saturdays Mr. Nutting went to sleep there, and returned usually on the Monday morning. Miss Ellison was left in the Strand, as a guardian to the house. On one of these Saturdays Elinor and myself had planned to bribe the old woman, I have mentioned as the servant, to secrecy, and to embrace the opportunity of going to a play. The old dame, would never have consented to our visiting the 'Devil's House,' as she termed the theatre; and therefore it became necessary to deceive her with the tale of a visit we were going to pay Mrs. Herries, the former governess of Miss Ellison. To this she yielded, after a few *weighty* arguments.

"I can now see a great inconsistency in Miss Ellison's conduct, as well as great impropriety in my own, in thus abusing the confidence placed in us both. But, Sir, at the moment I am speaking of, temptation was irresistible; you cannot conceive its strength.

"Elinor was as passionately fond of theatrical performances as myself. I had not seen one in the space of four years, nor had she since her entrance into our family; nor was there the remotest probability that any other opportunity would occur during our stay with the Nuttings.

"The play to be performed that evening was Shakespear's *Romeo and Juliet*; and the *Romeo* was Garrick.

"There were several scruples to conquer; but, in the end, temptation triumphed.

"Taking some precautions to disguise our persons, we went and mingled with the crowd that had assembled at the pit door of Drury Lane theatre. Unaccustomed to the place, and surrounded

ed completely by a concourse of people, Elinor began to tremble with terror.

“The attraction of Garrick had drawn an unusual throng: the heat and pressure became almost insupportable to Miss Ellison, and, added to her fright, at length overpowered to endure it. She told me that she felt herself fainting. I attempted to make a retreat through the crowd. It was impossible. She fainted in my arms. At the same instant the doors opened, and, being deprived of the use of my arms, we both sunk together, and I became senseless.

“When my senses returned I found myself in a strange bed, with several persons standing round me. Astonishment seized me for a moment; but when the memory of the scene that had passed recurred, it was like an arrow shot through my brain—‘The lady!—the lady!—Elinor!—Miss Ellison!—is she alive!—where is she!’ exclaimed I in the agony of the most torturing suspense. In lifting my hands to my head, I found I had been bled.

“The people around me stared in my face, and at one another, but made no reply to my questions. ‘My God! will you not tell me!’ They shook their heads in sign of pity. ‘She is dead!—she is murdered then!’ exclaimed I. ‘Poor youth!’ cried a man who stood nearest to me; ‘poor youth—his brain is quite disordered. I believe we must take a little more blood.’ ‘You’d better look to whose to pay you, first,’ cried a fat man in a red worsted cap; ‘I think, instead of bleeding, we’d better see and get a chair, and take him to the workhouse. He can’t stay here all night. I don’t know what business some folks have to bring all *casulties* to my house.’ ‘Why, as to that, Mr. Brown,’ cried a decent-looking man, ‘where

‘where could we take him so proper:—who would have thought, to look at him, but that he was dead; and in that case, the coroner would have sat upon the body at your house, and you’d have had no objection.’

“Where am I, then? exclaimed I.—‘Where are you!’ cried the fat man:—‘why, you’re at the Dolphin, in Drury Lane: and as you seem in your senses now, young man, pray, where do you live—who are your friends?’”

“My God! what a thunderbolt was this question. Instead of answering this man, I repeated my questions concerning Elinor, but could procure no intelligence. My anxiety made me strong. I determined to arise; nor could the whole College of physicians have prevailed upon me to relinquish my purpose. I dressed myself with assistance. I was severely bruised in several places, but had received no material injury.

It was nine o’clock when I left the Dolphin. My inquiries after Elinor were long fruitless. All the intelligence that I could gather in the neighbourhood of the theatre was, that a young lady had been trampled to death, and conveyed away in a hackney coach, but whither, nobody knew.

“I went home, with a faint hope that she might have been conveyed thither. I rung the bell; the old woman appeared and her first enquiry was—‘What have you done with Miss?’”

“Without answering her question, I ran away. I returned back to the door—Again I left it, and, from the anxiety of mind, played the antics of a madman.

“The whole of the night I wandered up and down the streets, stopping every hackney coach, enquiring of every passenger after the object of my

my search.—Imagination tormented me with a thousand horrible ideas—I saw her dead!—worse than death!—I saw her person violated!—I heard her shrieks!—I saw her agonies!—and my reason absolutely reeled. Morning appeared; I had walked the whole night; I had taken no refreshment; and I felt myself sinking with fatigue.

“As I passed the Chapter Coffee-House in St. Paul’s church yard, the servants were taking down the shutters. I went in; and, leaning my head upon a table, indulged a silent grief. I remained in this posture some time, till several persons came into the room. Among them was a short, neat looking man, who seated himself near me.—‘How is your patient this morning, Mr. Brookes?’ said a gentleman to him. ‘She still remains insensible,’ replied he; ‘but her fever is lower.’ ‘Poor thing!’ said the other. ‘and was there nothing about her that could give you any idea who she is? There are some aching hearts on her account by this time.’

“Merciful Providence!—have I then found her? exclaimed I, in a tone that alarmed the whole company.

“If you have any heart!—if you would relieve the most wretched being on earth!—continued I; pray take me to my Elinor.

“The people gathered round me with astonishment. An eclairessment took place. It was my Elinor. The humanity of Mr. Brookes, who was a respectable bookseller, had saved her life; and she was then at his house in Paternoster Row.

“I saw her, but she knew me not; though, in the sweetly mournful sentences she uttered, my name was often mentioned. A physician attended her, who pronounced her out of danger.

“Relieved

"Relieved from the heaviest part of my anxiety, I had now leisure to think of my own situation; but could not resolve how to act. Mr. Nutting I dared not to see; Mr. Darwall I shuddered to meet.

"I made Mr. Brookes my confidant, who humanely offered me an asylum in his own house, till he could reconcile me to Mr. Nutting, or at least to Mr. Darwall, whom he determined to see the following morning.

"His endeavours were unavailing with both. The former firmly protested against ever receiving me again into his house; and so represented me to the latter, that his heart was completely steeled against me. Thus did one trivial event deprive me of the only friend I had on earth. Thus were nearly five years of my life fooled away, without affording the least advantage to myself, or satisfaction to my benefactor.

"I had now, indeed, my liberty; but independence came too late, and in too melancholy a way.

"I perceive, Mr. Barnwell, I must be less prolix. One incident leads on insensibly to another. I must content myself, therefore, with a more general account.

"Passing over, then, many tender and affecting interviews I had with Miss Ellison, on her recovery, at the house of Mr. Brookes, ere she was well enough to be removed to her guardian's I will confine myself to the one in which a mutual confession of our love, (for we really loved) took place.

"She had that morning received a letter from Mr. Nutting, urging her return.

"And when do you mean to go, Miss Ellison? said I.

VOL. I.

D

"Never!"

"Why did you not acquaint me with this plan yesterday?" said I. It perhaps would have been possible to have procured some similar employ myself.

"Certainly nothing is more easy. Mr. Brookes himself means to offer you a proposal this very day."

"Why did he not propose it yesterday?"

"What happened yesterday, then, Sir? Is it too late? Tell me, what of yesterday?"

"Oh, Madam!—Oh, Elinor!—yesterday was a fatal day. Depressed with gloomy ideas, I wandered through the busy streets of this metropolis, ruminating on the past, and on the future. I looked back, without much regret, at what I have left, but with sorrow at what I have done. I had sacrificed the most important part of life to an implicit submission to another's judgment. I had lost that "*tide in the affairs of men, which leads to fortune*," and nothing but miseries and shallows presented themselves in the *rest of my voyage*." In all the boundless ocean of futurity I could behold no single spot on which to cast Hope's anchor.

"As I walked on, musing in this strain, the carriage of a celebrated Pleader passed me, in which he lolled at ease; and opposite to him sat his son, a youth seemingly about my own age. I sighed; perhaps (I ought to own the truth) I envied him. Yes, Elinor, envied him; for that which is emulation where competition is open, is envy where it is shut.

"Would I were that happy youth, sighed I. What admirable exercise for the mind does such a profession open!—what opportunities for displaying it's powers! And it is mere prejudice to imagine a man cannot possess a liberal mind, who is a lawyer.

"The carriage stopped—Instinctively I followed them into the Guild Hall. The courts were sitting. A cause was arguing—I listened—I became interested in the arguments—I wondered at the omission of many, which would have made for or against the question. The judge rose to give his opinion. I had anticipated much that he said. My proud heart fluttered; I was a pleader in imagination; I applauded myself—was happy in my fancies. The verdict was given; the crowd dispersed; and then—I felt *what I really was!*

"As the concourse of people separated at the door, one cried, shaking another's hand—'I must go—so and so—such business calls me.' Another replied—'I should have been at such a place.' Every one appeared to be running after some object that occupied his mind, and brought emolument to himself. 'And where shall I go?' sighed I.

"In King Street I met a mob, dragging a poor ragged wretch to justice, who had been detected in picking a pocket. I mingled with the crowd to hear the examination—'What means have you of getting a livelihood?' said the magistrate. The culprit was silent—'Why then, to save you from the gallows, I shall send you for a soldier.'

"*What means have you of getting a livelihood!* rung in my ears. I traversed street after street. Often would I check myself with the question—'What means have I of getting a livelihood? Where am I going? Not to my father, mother, sister, or brother—these are unmeaning sounds to me. Not to my home—even that cheering sound, which delights the poorest, was but a mockery to me. Then darted across my mind—yes, let me own it—your image, Elinor. I saw, at that moment,

ment, the utter impossibility of your ever being mine——nay, bear with me a moment!——I saw you given to some rich ideot, whose bigotry might please old Nutting; and I almost cursed existence!

“Just then the martial sound of life and drum struck my ears. A recruiting party appeared——I paused!——*What means* have you of getting a livelihood! still rung in my ears. Phrenzy seized me——I ran to the lieutenant, and offered him my hand——‘I’ll serve the King!’ cried I. The men pulled off their hats, and gave three cheers. The lieutenant shook me by the hand; and, after looking in my face, exclaimed with an oath——‘Harry Mental!’ He had been my chum at Eton.

“Merciful heaven! and I have been the cause of this,” cried Elinor. “Oh, then, it is time, my Henry——my love——it is time to throw off every little affectation of our sex, and let you see my heart——a heart, my Henry, that, whether you accept or reject it, is only your’s. I love you, Henry; and, go where you will, no earthly power, that leaves me life, shall separate me from you.”

“Excuse these few drops of weakness!” said Mental, as he wiped his eyes——“They are sacred to the memory of a martyr!——Yes, Sir, she made this frank avowal of her love, whilst her beauteous face concealed it’s virgin blushes in my bosom.——Oh! memory——memory!——too faithful memory!”

And again the tears would flow. “A declaration so frank, so noble, so worthy of her uncommon character, was met, on my part, by one at least as sincere, as ardent, as disinterested, as her own.

“ The lieutenant being my friend, by his interest I obtained a discharge from my rash engagement; and Elinor and myself were shortly after married.

“ Mr. Brookes continued the friendly rock on which we built our little bower of bliss. His counsel directed, his benevolence aided, his generosity munificently remunerated our labours. He was engaged in a very extensive concern, and found us abundant employ. Elinor wrote a Novel, which succeeded well. We published jointly a volume of Poetry; and we mutually laboured at translations. Competence was the sweet reward of our labours, supplying us with all the necessaries, and many of the decent luxuries of life. We resided in a small but neat cottage at Walworth; only visiting the metropolis occasionally.

“ The life I now lead was the very reality of that picture which imagination had taught my youthful heart to doat upon; and yet, possessing this reality, I was not content. When literary composition became the means of my subsistence, I found it irksome; I fancied it a mean employ of talent to let it out for hire. I grew dissatisfied, I formed a variety of new schemes, which alternately delighted and disgusted me.

“ A period however approached, which compelled me to submit to the irksomeness, and even meanness (as I deemed it), of my employment. My Elinor bore me a daughter. I wept tears of joy; my heart beat with rapture; for at that moment, Sir, I did not dream how many curses, in disguise, I hailed as blessings—I sometimes laugh to think how my silly heart was cheated.”

[Here

[Here Mental laughed, but in a manner that conveyed the misery and horror of his recollections!]

He continued——

“A year or two marched onwards in the track of time unmarked by any record of the memory; but about the time my little girl was three years old, and began to prattle, there happened an event which is so firmly printed on my mind’s register, that not even the flaming fingers of the fiends of hell can burn the page, nor all the pitying dews that drop from angels’ eyes blot out the bloody characters!

“But spare me now a task I feel beyond my powers.—Retire—retire, my young friend—See me to-morrow; and come prepared to hear a tale of horror——!”

The anguish of his heart was visible in the struggling features of his face, and he breathed painfully convulsive sighs. George pressed his hand, and retired in silence.

CHAP. XII.

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all!

SHAKESPEARE.

“THIS tale of horrors, to which he alluded,” said George, musing on his way home, “must be the murder of the Louisa of his ballad, and the

Elinor of his tale. Why does he change the name then?"

A chain of conjectures on poor Mental's tale occupied his mind till he reached home, when a fresh occurrence demanded his attention.

Upon entering the drawing-room, he started back with surprise, at the sight of the harp, the lamp, and the stool, which he had the preceding night seen deposited by Mental under the stone in the haunted aisle. There was nobody in the room—he had found the hall door open, and had entered without seeing any of the servants. Descending the stair-case, he met old Joseph.—

"Oh, Sir!" said Joseph, "such discoveries!"

"Such discoveries!" cried George.—"Where?"

"At the haunted aisle, Sir. Have you not seen the music, and the lamp?"

"Yes:—but how were they discovered?"

"I discovered them——" said Joseph with an air of impatience. "This morning, Sir, I was going to the doctor's for some conserve of roses, for Mrs. Meredith, the housekeeper, who has got a terrible blight in her eyes, as I take it, by sitting in the garden when the night air——"

"Well—well, Joseph—you were going to the doctor's—never mind what about."

"True, Sir, as you say, that's no matter; that's neither here nor there as to the discovery. Well, Sir, the nearest way to Doctor Saffron lies through the park, and the ruins; and though I have many times gone round by the road way for fear, I was determined this morning to go boldly on through the haunted aisle: and so I did; for, since our search there, I began to think less of the matter than I used to do. I did tremble a little, to be sure, when I got there; but some how or other,

as if Providence had ordered it so, I grew bold when I had been there awhile; and finding myself a little fatigued with my walk, I sits me down boldly upon the very tomb where they say the naked lady sits every night. Now only mind, Sir, what great discoveries sometimes happen from trifling things. I had a hat on that was bran new last Sunday; the day was hot, so I pulls off my hat, and lies it down upon the tomb. Well—when I had rested me, I takes my hat up, and, behold, all the top of the crown was soaked in lamp oil. I was struck very strange, to think how this could happen:—when, lo, and behold ye, I finds a quantity of oil, as if it had been spilt upon the tomb stone; and I find it had dripped, dripped, dripped, all the way along the monument to a large stone covered over with moss, and beyond that stone not a drop of oil was there to be seen or smelt. Then, all of a sudden, it came into my head about the light that has been so often seen of a night. And—

“Enough—enough—” cried George with his usual impetuosity of temper—“I know the rest, good Joseph, and will spare you the trouble of reciting it—You moved the stone—and there the harp and the lamp were found—But here comes Sir James.”

“The strangest discoveries!” said the baronet.
“Joseph has been relating it, Sir,” replied George.

“Well,” continued the knight—“and what conjectures do you draw from it?”

Mr. Sandall, Mrs. and Miss Barnwell, joined them.

“The music that has been heard, and the lights that have been seen, are rationally accounted

for, at least, by this discovery," said George; but the performer of these nocturnal orgies we have yet to discover. I should think, Mr. Sandall, a ghost would not be at the trouble of hiding those things?"

Mr. Sandall was silent.

"It seems a strange propensity," said Sir James, "in any man to amuse himself in such midnight recreations. I know nobody I could suspect of such exploits; unless, indeed, the strange old fellow, who is the proprietor of the ruins."

"And who else would you suspect, Sir James," said Sandall. "Is not the man known to be every thing that's bad? Who knows for what infernal purposes he might hold his nightly sittings there? There are strange times, Sir James. I was reading to you the History of the Illuminati, a book which proves the existence of conspirators against all the world; and I believe that this country is not free from them. The place is retired; Mental's house is large; and no one is seen to enter his doors by day light. Now, who knows but he may entertain in that house, or have concealed about the ruins a gang of these horrible villains, who would go any lengths to overturn all religion and order. I should not presume to dictate to you, Sir James; but you are a Magistrate, Sir James; and a hint to a man of your penetration is sufficient.—"

George would certainly have incurred the displeasure of the knight by a hearty laugh at his chaplain, had he not been prevented by a noise in the hall below, and alarmed at the voice of Mental himself.

The rumour of the discovery had spread widely in a short time, and had gathered numberless additions

tions in it's progress : till at length the story of a murder, committed by Mental, had actually gathered an assembly of peasantry about his gate, who were pointing to his house, and significantly lifting up their hands and eyes to heaven. The old man had noticed them ; and by piecemeal had obtained information of the discovery.

Rudely rushing into the drawing room, to the extreme terror of Mr. Sandall and the ladies ; his head uncovered, his hands clenched, his eyes darting anger and revenge—" By what authority, what law,—by the shew of what prerogative, is my property removed from my own estate, and placed here? exclaimed he.—" Yet do not answer me ! I know the tale that hangs upon your lips. But I demand to know the author of those vile calumnies, which the deluded peasantry are blowing round my dwelling. I think, I trace the infamous suggestion in the coward countenance of yonder priest," pointing to Mr. Sandall.

" Me !—me !" exclaimed Sandall, skulking behind Sir James's chair. " Mr. Mental, I assure you, Sir, I have had no hand whatever in the business."

" What ! can you lie ?" said Mental.—" Oh, how ill does it become the man, whose lips spout forth the purest and sublimest doctrines ever taught mankind, to retail calumnies ! How ill does it become a man, of any faith, to wound the reputation of his absent fellow ; then shrink at his approach, conscious of the injury bestowed and yet most dastardly disown the blow !"

Mr. Sandall was of a pale complexion ; but at this moment his lips were paler than his cheeks, and he could not stand upright.

" Does

“Does your reverence know this man?” asked Mental. [It was farmer Cornall.]—Sandall trembled. “The tale you have instilled in this man’s ear, was wanton, or malicious. Be it as it may, Sir, it shall be refuted. You have spread stories of enchantment, necromancy, nay, of murder, to my prejudice; that I conceal banditti of Illuminati in my house. Now, Sir, James,”—to the knight, —“you are a magistrate—I surrender myself on the charge of this zealous Protector of the christian faith, and am your prisoner till acquitted. Go to my servant, take these keys, search every room—nay I insist on it—search every drawer, examine every paper. I fear no discoveries.”

After many objections, Sir James consented to visit the residence of Mr. Mental, as the only means of averting the threats of the labourers, assembled from the neighbouring villages, to pull down the house.

Accompanied by Mr. Sandall, and George, he walked towards the house; and at the particular request of Sir James, Mental went with them, smiling as he passed the insulting throng assembled round them, which all the eloquence and authority of the knight could scarcely keep in order.

As they were entering the house, Mental took an opportunity of whispering to George, unnoticed—“You have not tattled, boy?”

“I am no babbler,” said George.

“Then whatever you may now observe, be secret still. However strange or mysterious may appear my future conduct, at present disclose nothing that you know concerning me.” Then squeezing his hand—“Let this memorandum sometimes claim a place for me in your thoughts!”—and

—and he sighed heavily, as he slipped a miniature into his hands.—George put it in his bosom.
By this time they had reached the sitting and sleeping room.—“Here, Sir James,” said Mental; “I eat and sleep; ’tis my whim; there’s no statute to the contrary, I believe, Mr. Chaplain! That closet will open, by turning the handle of the lock. It contains my wardrobe, a few changes of linen, and a roquelaire. The bayonet and belt; that hang upon that peg, I *once wore*, nay, I *once used*! I drew human blood with that weapon—*Christian* blood, Mr. Sandall;—English blood, Sir James. ’Twas an unhappy cause; but I was then a soldier in the ranks, and endeavoured to annihilate the powers of mind that I possessed, for they were useless; and my arm sent death where the discretion of my officers directed. It make me cold to think on it. I see the belt is mouldy, and the bayonet rusty. I wish they were buried in the plains of Quebec! There is nothing else worth notice in this room.”

They entered the apartments of poor old Sarah, who was in tears.

“Why—why—Sarah—Come, come, dry these tears—I can bear any calamity better than to see a faithful creature, like you, miserable through my means,” said Mental.

“It han’t for myself, it’s for you I cry, I always thought it would come out.”

“Come out!” said Sandall. “What do you mean, good woman?”

“Oh, the study—the study!”

“Poor wretch!” cried Mental.

“What about the study, good woman?” said Sandall: and then taking Sir James’s arm—

“Come, lead us to the study.”

“I lead

"I lead you to the study!—God forbid! no, no—let *them* that *will* go, for me," cried Sarah.

George recollected her former dread of the study.

"This faithful creature has resided with me twenty years," said Mental. "In all that time she has not seen the inside of my study. I spend many hours there alone; and often the whole night, if it rains, and I am prevented from walking in the abbey, which I prefer in fine weather. This circumstance has created a mysterious fear in poor Sarah's brain, and she would not enter the study, I believe, to save her life. But you shall yourselves judge how little cause of terror exists there."

As they were leaving the room, Sarah took an opportunity, unperceived by Mental, to pull Sandall by the coat, and make earnest signs to him not to go. George himself was staggered for a moment by this circumstance—But Sandall seemed petrified with terror.

"Come, Sir James," said Mental, "I'll shew you this study."

"They moved on. At the door of the kitchen Sandall turned round, and perceived that Sarah had dropped upon her knees, and was in the attitude of praying. His knees tottered as he ascended two flights of stairs, which led to a gallery, at the end of which was a door, which Mental informed them was the study. He opened the door, and the first object that struck their sight was, the lid of a coffin covered with black cloth: there was a plate fixed on it, with this inscription—

"Mrs. Elinor Mental,

"died July 12th, 1772;

"aged 22."

George

George cast his eyes curiously about the study, and appeared entering in his memory an inventory of it's contents.

The coffin lid was placed upright in one corner of the room; on a corner shelf over it was a human skull, in excellent preservation; near it was a writing table, on which burnt a lamp, the shutters of the windows being continually closed; the floor was strewn with books, pamphlets, and newspapers. A chest under the desk contained a large quantity of manuscript. In another corner stood an electrical machine, covered with dust, the cylinder broken. In another, a furnace had been raised for chemical experiments, but had evidently been long in disuse, and was half concealed by broken crucibles and charcoal dust. The general appearance of the place conveyed the most gloomy ideas, and it's furniture constituted melancholy memorandums of energies of mind decayed and faded; as tattered banners and broken helmets tell of some valiant arm laid low!

As Mental stood with his arms folded, leaning against the wainscot, Sir James and Mr. Sandall alternately fixed an eye of wonder on the apartment and it's mysterious owner. After a considerable silence—

“Well, Mr. Sandall,” said Mental, “you are now in the very council chamber of your supposed secret committee!—You have my willing permission to inspect any paper, book, or drawer; and if the appearance of this place, or any thing in it, suggests any question, even of curiosity, I will as truly answer it as if I were on oath.

“That piece of elm, covered with black cloth, was intended to be buried with the person whose name is inscribed on the plate. I had some regard
for

for her memory, and chose to have it preserved.—'Twas a strange fancy, you may say.—Be it so.

“That structure of bone, on the shelf over it, I also keep as a memorandum.—It was once the repository of much intelligence; and in those sockets once beamed eyes, which glistened with the dews of sensibility, and won the gazer's admiration ere their owner spoke. Yet, Sir, there was a something contained within that skull, which plotted and executed the most mischievous damnation that ever blasted the tender blossoms of human hope!—I now gaze upon it by the hour, and wonder where the animating spirit of the deserted cavity has fled?—We can gather no intelligence of this nature, Mr. Sandall. Science is ignorance, and genius madness, as to such information.

“That machine, whose electrical powers have amused me many a year, attracted for awhile the powers of my reason; till, having gained a thorough knowledge of it's principles, my mind sought novelty. The labours of chemistry kept me still longer in play; till at length research was satisfied. But nothing I can read, nothing I can study, resolves me what I am!—whence I came!—or whither I shall go! This perplexity, may, and I know does, trouble me more than many men. I own, too, it's inutility.—Yet, be the torture of Doubt it's punishment; and let me not incur suspicions that I do not merit. I know no Illuminati, Mr. Sandall.”

“Why, Sir, I—I—am surpris'd at—your odd ways. I—I—have no reason to doubt your good intentions.—But it appears strange, that a person of your sense—that is, it is—as I may say—

it

it is surprising"—stammered out Mr. Sandall—

"Spare yourself, Sir," said Mental,—and I will spare you also; for I perceive you are not such a being as a man of any strength of mind ought to be offended with. Therefore, though you are the means of *again* unsettling me—the busy medler that once more drives me from a spot I chose to die on—yet I, atheist as you deem me, can be so much a christian as to forgive you.

"To you, Sir James, I owe a fuller explanation. In a few words then, Sir,—I am a miserable man!—whose views of happiness have been almost constantly obscured by unexpected blights and storms, just as I thought them mine; and being of a frame and constitution, perhaps, ill suited to these buffetings of fortune, I find they have inflicted wounds upon my heart which have engendered a disease, whose baneful influence has made me seem the thing you see me.—What I *really* am, is my own concern.—But I am sorry that, if by word or act, I have offended you; and I know I have.

"You, Sir James, are happily not troubled with the mania of enquiry, and are content to take this world as you find it. I have too frequently indulged a pettishness of mind at your expence, when I have aimed to decompose that order of things, and system of society, with which I am dissatisfied. Let me, then, make you the only recompense I can, by a solemn and sincere assurance, that what I have frequently uttered in your presence, has been the offspring of a distorted fancy—a sickly heart—a feverish, giddy brain.—Let me assure you, Sir, I am no wiser man, because I can detect an error in another's creed—

I am

I am no happier man, because I laugh at others' hopes of future life and bliss. No, no Sir; I know now less than when I was a boy: the learning and the sciences of men have but confused the simple thoughts of nature; and as to happiness—Ha!—ha!—ha!—(grinning horribly,———this world affords me no prospect of peace; and as to futurity, my doubts obscure all hope.

“Thus much I owed to you, Sir James; but the suspicions of this reverend gentleman are as groundless as they are mean, and unbecoming that faith which teaches charity!”

Sir James apologized. Mr. Sandall bowed, and stammered; and, after examining a few empty apartments, they retired.

On their return home, the knight published Mr. Mental's innocence, and sent a servant to his house with the articles found in the haunted aisle.

CHAP. XIII.

Ah, me! the prospect saddened as she sung;

Loud on my startled ear the death-bell rung:

Chill darkness wrapt the pleasurable bow'rs,

Whilst Horror, pointing to yon breathless clay,

“No peace be thine!” exclaim'd—“away, away;”

BOWLES.

TOWARDS evening, on the following day, as George was sauntering near home, a postchaise passed

passed him, in which were Mental and his old servant.

At the lodge gate the porter delivered him a packet. Concluding it came from Mental, he hastened with it to his apartment, and broke the seal. On a slip of paper was written the following note—

“The events of yesterday drive me from a retreat, in which I had hoped to die. I shall see you no more till we meet in London.—In that polluted place I shall awhile reside.—I shall discover your abode, and will not fail to see you.

“In the meantime, I have hastily composed, for your perusal, the sequel of my melancholy story. You will perceive what a blank there is in my affections—how cold and empty a space my bosom has become. Sometimes I think, that if the glow of social feeling is ever more to warm my frozen breast, it must be kindled by yourself. But if my story fail to gain the tear of sympathy, I trust it may, at least, be beneficial to you as a warning.

“Farewel. May the present tranquility of your breast never be exchanged for the torture that racks the bosom of

“MENTAL.”

The narrative ran thus—

“There resided near our cottage, at Walworth, a youth of fortune, who visited us, and became our intimate acquaintance. I soon discovered in him uncommon genius, and ardent feelings.

“This youth, with about ten or eleven others, of similar dispositions and talents, had formed themselves into a club, for the purpose of candid and free enquiry.—I had the honor of being invited a member.

“My

" My friend possessing, from his fortune, a considerable influence with the club, his patronage procured me a respect I otherwise was not entitled to ; and I was elected their secretary. I say nothing of our labours, which were published at a joint expence, and circulated with a zeal beyond description.

" Experience, however, has taught me one truth, that every structure of morality or philosophy we raised upon the ruins of those we overthrew, is unable to stand the test of practical experiment, and are, many of them at least, greater nuisances in society than those we attempted to destroy.

" As secretary of this society, my house became a sort of rendezvous for it's members. My Elinor and I were delighted at our good fortune in this respect, as it afforded us many hours of rational amusement in the conversation of men of taste and letters.

" Among others was a celebrated painter of that day. He had a person of manly beauty ; a countenance expressive of the most tender sympathies ; his manners were engaging ; his converse truly captivating. We delighted in the company of Mr. Linmore, and he seemed to receive an equal satisfaction in our's.—His gratitude for the humble entertainment our roof afforded him was beyond all bounds. His paintings were the ornaments of our rooms, and the testimonies of his favour.

" We passed the greater part of a year in a state the nearest to bliss I ever saw on earth. Fortune seemed determined to heap her favours on us all at once ; for in the course of this period Mr. Nutting, the grocer, died ; and smitten with the injustice of
possessing

possessing the fortune which Elinor's conduct bestowed upon him, on his death bed made a will, by which she regained her right to a property, that made us completely independent.

Now, mark the fickleness of fortune. Just as the sun of prosperity was ascending the meridian, and his beams had gilded a wide and beauteous landscape of enchanting hopes, a little fable cloud sprung up, and floated in a corner of the hemisphere. It sailed towards my dwelling. It swelled as it drew near; it increased till the sun was hidden from my sight; and then, descending, burst upon my head, o'erwhelmed all prospects of the hopes I had beheld, and left me nothing to contemplate, save the frightful desolations of despair!

"To dwell as little as possible upon a subject that shakes every nerve with horror at its remembrance, know, then, young man, that this specious moralist, this zealous friend, this smooth speeched Linmore, proved himself a most consummate villain.

"He came to our dwelling, and found Peace, Innocence and Love, it's inmates; he saw as fond a pair as Nature e'er designed for each other's bosom. What, then, was that principle that could excite within his breast the horrid purpose, the execrable, vile design, to mar such bliss?

"With the dissembled visage of benevolence, he must have borne a heart that languished for the murder of his species, or how could he deliberately have planned the destruction of one of Nature's noblest works!

"You have not yet felt the influence of love; you cannot, therefore, feel like those who have. But, if you shall ever love, if all the mental energies, and all the glow
of

of passion that constitute the essence of existence in your nature, e'er center in one point, fix on one object,—you may then conceive what I experienced, when, all at once, I found that object vanished. Oh! what a chilling void I felt my breast! Such it became, soon as suspicion pointed to her dishonor;—but, when I tell you—
Alas! my poor brain cannot bear the recollection!—

* * * * *

“ With a trembling hand I take my pen once more.—Circumstances awakened in my breast a jealousy of Linmore, and determined me to watch his every emotion.

“ Start not:—my jealousy was well founded—The damn'd darts of the arch fiend succeeded—Virtue was subdued, and treacherous lust triumphant.—Oh! that the lightnings of heaven had blasted him or me, ere I had seen the smiling murderer!

“ One fatal day, when having pretended a day's absence, I concealed myself at home, I saw her enter her chamber, and in a few minutes Linmore followed. This was conviction; and all the powers of my reason fell beneath the impulse of revenge—My hand indistinctively grasped a dagger that was near me—I rushed into the room, and, aiming a just reward at the seducer's heart, the cursed villain shrunk from my vengeance, and it fell on the poor, lost Elinor!

“ The coward fled, and I was discovered kneeling by my bleeding wife, the fatal weapon still buried in her breast.”

“ In

"In that moment of agony, I know not what occurred. I was dragged by force from the body, and confined, in my own house, under the care of some medical gentlemen.

"In a few days my senses returned, and I was able to give some account of the horrible transaction; which being corroborated by the circumstance of Linmore's flight, the coroner's jury returned a verdict accidental death, and the remains of my poor Elinor were interred.

"Though I was not then deemed a madman, my reason had sustained a shock it never has perfectly recovered.

"When I looked back upon the happiness I had enjoyed, and gazed upon the dreadful wreck around me, my blood now chilled to ice—Now flowed like burning lava through my veins—and my affrighted reason fled at the horrid view! My adoration of the object would scarcely allow me to believe her false, and my love seemed unaccountably increased!

"She was then in her coffin—I flew to it—I threw myself in agony upon it; nor would I quit it, till my strange wish was gratified, in preserving the coffin lid, as a memento, to be ever in my sight. Another was accordingly made.

"After her interment, I secluded myself some months from the world. Human nature suffered a degradation indeed in my estimation. I grew disgusted with mankind, and with the system of the moral government of the universe. Yet I had not then experienced more than half the misery I have since endured.

"My cottage at Walworth now became frightful; every room reminded me of some happy scene! and brought to mind my Elinor! They brought

brought me my child—oh, how it chilled my blood to look at her ! I thought her little eyes seemed to dart reproach and vengeance on her mother's murderer—I could not bear her presence !

“ After some time, I determined to quit not only Walworth, but England ; and went to reside in America.

“ I placed my daughter under the care of a respectable person in the neighbourhood ; made an ample provision for her education ; and, in case of my death, had left her the whole of her mother's fortune.

“ Now, Sir, let your imagination, and your pity, follow a heart-broken man to another quarter of the globe ; and even there you will find, that misery pursued him.

“ Scarcely was I settled in any degree of intimacy with any one of my fellow creatures, and had begun to feel something like humanity reviving in my heart, when those troubles, of which the world knows so well, broke out.

“ My friend was an American by birth, and sided with Congress. My opinions, though they did not coincide with the rulers of England, yet compelled me to resist the entreaties of my friend to take up arms against my mother country. I would have remained neuter, but that could not be ; and thus, soon as my heart began to cherish a love for my friend, my arm was lifted to destroy him. 'Twas then I was compelled to wear and use the arms you saw at my residence. But let me bury in oblivion my country's shame !

“ One instance of retributive justice I met with in America, which, in some degree, reconciled me to the notion of a Providence. The villain, Linmore, who had made that country his refuge, was

was in prison when I arrived there, implicated in a charge of murder. He was one of a party where murder ensued, in consequence of an unlawful project. He was executed, and dissected. I offered any price for his skeleton, and did actually obtain the skull, which you saw in my closet.

“ Disgusted with the scenes that passed before me, I embraced the first opportunity of returning to England, and bought the estate of the abbey, near your uncle’s.

“ This retreat suited me well. It’s distance from any other dwelling, the romantic scenery around it, and the gloomy walks among the abbey ruins, accorded well with ‘ my soul’s sadness.’

“ The old woman I retained as my servant, had lived some time in the house before I bought it. When I received the little furniture I wanted, I deposited the coffin lid, and the human skull, in my study; and from that moment the poor woman resolved never to enter it. Here I had proposed to end my days of disappointment and remorse.

“ Time will not now permit me to describe the state of my troubled mind.—Shook to it’s foundation was my faith in all revealed religion. I employed whole nights in the painful study of metaphysics, with no other reward than a confirmation or increase of doubts. Resolving to give over every other pursuit of that nature, I flew for amusement to chemistry, electricity, anatomy; and grew tired of each.

“ Hating the sight of human beings, I generally kept close at home all day, and walked among the ruins when others slept.

“ Among a few other memorandums of my former happiness, I reserved the harp discovered in the old aisle:—it was my Elinor’s delight!

“Annexed to these memoirs are several pieces of poetry, which I composed in the calm silence of midnight at the abbey—they all relate to my poor Elinor, whom I have there called Louisa!

“Thus rolled away year after year. I only saw the active world through the medium of report. Newspapers, pamphlets, reviews, and various publications; shewed me the bustling scenes of men, on which I gazed an unconcerned spectator.—Yet there was still one object in the world, for whom my heart felt a glowing interest—my daughter! My young Elinor often started to the vision of my memory, and pained me with the dreadful anticipation of her fate in such a world of treachery and woe.

“I heard frequently from her governess, but I could never bring myself to see her. The accounts I received were, with little variation, satisfactory, until her eighteenth year; when, all at once, a letter came with tidings that, without any known cause, she had eloped.

“Any attempt to describe my feelings at this intelligence were vain. I reproached myself as the author of her guilty fate, in having abandoned her education to strangers.

“A severe illness followed this intelligence, which threatened my dissolution.—Every effort to discover her proved unavailing. Where she is, or whether she exists at all, I know not. Thus misery weighs down my declining years; and yet I live—live in torturing suspense as to my child—in dreadful doubt as to her fate. Will you, then not pity a miserable old man, almost distracted, and commiserate his fate!—Talk of him as little as possible; but when his name is mentioned, do

that

that justice to his story which these memoirs enable you.

“In London I shall see you; till when, farewell, youth. Thy breast is pure,—thy slumbers are sweet!—May they ever be so. Farewel.

“MENTAL.”

CHAP. XIV.

Rank abundance breeds,

In grofs and pamper'd cities, sloth and lust,

And wantonness, and gluttonous excess:

Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd

The fairest capital in all the world;

By riot and incontinence the worst.

COWPER.

THE departure of Mental from the abbey was soon buzzed around the country, and various stories were circulated concerning him.

Whilst curiosity, or the love of scandal, actuated the many, George felt his heart warmly interested in the fate of so unhappy a fellow creature, and sigh'd earnestly for the power of alleviating his sorrows.

The tender hearted Eliza and the benevolent Mrs. Barnwell, to whom he had communicated the outlines of the melancholy tale, united in commiserations for the sufferings of a man, whose

life, almost from infancy, had been marked by disappointment and sorrow.

"How much is he to be pitied!" said Mrs. Barnwell:—"his heart torn with the keenest sorrows, and his mind prevented by scepticism from reposing in the consolations of religion. Let his story, my dear George, teach you the value of those truths a departed saint early instilled into your mind, and never suffer the subtilty of eloquence to destroy those impressions which christianity has formed in your heart."

"How unfortunate for him," said George, "that doctrines, so admirably adapted to the human heart, should have been presented to his view in so distorted a shape as they were by the Nuttings. It surely is not assuming too much, to attribute his rejection of all revelation to that circumstance. Such a mind as Mental's would doubtless have received the *uncorrupted principles* of christianity as congenial to it's wants, and it's expectations, and would not have remained, as at present, an unorganized mass of useless energies, which are attracted to one center; but, flying off at all points, rouse the imagination to the most painful doubts, and leave the heart unbenefitted by their operations.

"Your remarks are certainly just," replied Mrs. Barnwell, "and it affords me the greatest pleasure to hear such observations fall from a son I am so soon to part with. In the long absence we are to suffer, it will be no inconsiderable source of pleasing reflection, that you leave us with such sentiments.

"The scenes, in which you are about to perform a part, my George, are of a complexion that dazzle and intoxicate the mind; and you will have occasion

occasion frequently to recur to those principles for direction; let me hope you will ever make them your guide, and then, I am persuaded, I shall never blush at the mention of my son."

Conversations of a similar nature frequently took place till the day of departure arrived, when George, with abundant proofs of the liberality of his uncle, quitted his hospitable roof, which still remained the asylum of his mother and Eliza.

For the first time, George entered the metropolis—for the first time, breathed the fashionable air of Portland Place, where Mr. Emery resided.

From the account George had received from Mental, of the meanness and avarice of traders, he was not a little surprised to observe the elegant appearance of Mr. Emery's residence. His astonishment increased, when, upon admission into the hall, he was surrounded by four or five stout, tall fellows in blue and silver, large bunches of flowers in their bosoms, and white cambric handkerchiefs in their hands. The youth was absolutely confused, and felt some difficulty in persuading these gentlemen of the ceremonies to procure him an audience of Mr. Emery, who was entertaining the cabinet ministers that evening at dinner, at his own table.

They condescended, however, at length, to show him to a parlour, where, in about an hour afterwards, Mr. Emery came to him; George having sent in his name.

Instead of the merchant of the old school George expected to meet, Mr. Emery was a man of the most elegant deportment, dressed in the extreme of fashion.

He entered the room in a stile so commanding, yet easy, that his presence bespoke the most accomplished manners.

"I am extremely concerned, Sir," said he "that very particular people are with me to day, and prevent my receiving you more agreeably with my wishes, and the respect due to a nephew of Sir James Barnwell. Allow me, however, to congratulate you upon your safe arrival, and to introduce you to Mrs. Emery and her daughters."

George apologized for his appearance, and would have avoided the introduction.

"Oh, by no means, said Mr. Emery, ringing ——" "In what part of the house is your mistress," said he to the servant who appeared.

"The ladies have drove down to the pavilion this morning, Sir; and do not return till to-morrow.

"That's unfortunate, indeed: but you will excuse me, I'm sure; we shall be better acquainted soon, and apologies will become unnecessary.—William, serve dinner in this room to my friend Mr. Barnwell, and tell the butler to bring what wine he orders."

With a cordial shake of the hand, Mr. Emery left his young friend to a soliloquy, full of wonder, at the scenes before him. The manner in which he was received astonished him.—Cabinet ministers dining with a merchant—was a novelty to him; but more strange than every thing else, appeared to him the idea of a man's not knowing whether his wife and daughters were at home, or in the country.

A profuse dinner was served up, consisting of every delicacy that the season afforded, and in a style of elegance beyond all George had ever seen.

It was near ten o'clock when he had finished his sumptuous dinner; and about eleven, he was thinking

thinking of retiring to rest, when Mr. Emery entered, introducing a young man, apparently about twenty, of an effeminate countenance and delicate frame.

"Mr. Barnwell," said he, "this is a pupil of mine. Mr. Rigby, let me recommend Mr. Barnwell to your friendship: I have mentioned him to you before."

"I shall be very proud of rendering you any service, Sir," said Mr. Rigby.

Mr. Emery retired, calling to the servants in the hall—"The chariot in a quarter of an hour."

The pupils were left together. What a contrast did they form! George's cheeks glowed with health—Rigby's were sunk, and pale; George's form and limbs proclaimed the temperance and exercise he used—Rigby's slender legs and shrivelled arms as plainly declared a life of sloth and intemperance. The dress of the former was simple and manly—that of the latter, disgustingly effeminate: his whole appearance prejudiced George against him, whilst he in return considered George as a boor.

—"The chariot in a quarter of an hour" was echoed three or four times in the hall.

George could not refrain from asking whether any thing particular drew Mr. Emery abroad so late.

"So late!—Eh, demme!—that's neat—Excusez moi—Upon my soul I can't help laughing!"—which laughing was merely a hectic barking. Why, my dear fellow, you must be very raw—very green, indeed!—excusez—moi—it's not eleven!"—whirling a gold watch round by the chain—"The Principal's only going his usual round.

"May I be so free as to enquire, what you mean by that phrase, Mr. Rigby?—I believe you know I am a stranger in London."

"O yes—excusez moi—that's plain enough! However, one should not be too severe—I remember when I—I—I—was as great a quiz—excusez moi—as you, Sir.—By going his round—I mean, looking in at the opera—squeezing a few *figurante*—lounging in the way of the scene-shifters, and getting hissed off the stage. Then whirl to Lady Strongbox—splash away the Spanish—make an assignation for the morning—and off again to the House—take a lounge there for an hour—get a bow from the Treasury Bench—gape at Doctor Sceptic's doubts—and then to Brookes's—lose a trifle—get the head-ach—and dash home with two flambeaux by daylight!"

"You are very happy at a description, Mr. Rigby," said George:—"a little *ad libitum* in the colours though, I presume."

"No, *dennne*, not I.—I'm a plain matter of fact man, absolutely. But what are you going to do with yourself till bed-time?"

"That time is come with me, Sir, for I am fatigued."

"To bed at eleven o'clock—O, horrible! For heaven's sake sham sick, my good fellow—sham sick—or the servants will die with a convulsion of laughter!"

George smiled; Mr. Rigby supposed at his wit: it was, in fact, at his folly.

How wide a field for reflection did the incidents of the last few hours open to a mind like George's, ever active and discerning, and—"never less alone, than when alone."

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

Sound, unbroken youth,
Health ever blooming—unambitious toil—
Calm contemplation—and poetic ease.

THOMSON

FROM the specimens he had seen on the day of his arrival, George was prepared to expect a very different style of living from that which he had anticipated in the country, and such was the reality.

He was established in Mr. Emery's house in the capacity rather of a private secretary than a clerk. Instead of being confined from an early hour in the morning till late at night, in posting ledgers, and copying invoices, as Sir James had taught him to expect, and as was the case with all merchants' clerks when Sir James was in trade, George found that the sons, or nephews, or cousins of merchants, who threw a capital into the firm, underwent no such drudgery, which is consigned to boys who had learnt to write fine hands at charity schools.

About eleven o'clock George usually went from Portland Place to the 'compting-house, Broad Street Buildings, where Mr. Drudge, the *sagging* partner, resided. Any communications of consequence, betwixt Mr. Emery and Mr. Drudge, were conveyed by George; as well as papers that required the signature of the latter, who seldom visited the counting house himself.

From Broad Street Buildings to Batson's coffee-house was a regular one o'clock walk for George, where he met the rich Jew brokers, and made Mr. Emery's proposals for the barter of bullion, consols, omnium, or lottery, according to previous instructions; which, from his intimacy with ministers, gave generally the tone to the market.

At three he paraded the Royal Exchange, and invited the foreign merchants to dine in Portland Place, which completed the labours of the day; except upon particular occasions, when letters of confidence were to be copied, or memorials for contracts sent to the Treasury.

Such a slender portion of employ, left void a large space of time for his own inclination to fill up.

It being but the commencement of the season, Mrs. Emery and her daughters were seldom in town; and Mr. Emery was scarcely visible in his own house, except at a few dinners, surrounded by company.

Mr. Rigby, in addition to an extreme opposition of taste and pursuits, had the motives of jealousy and envy to render George disgusting to him; and therefore, beyond the ceremonials of occasional meetings, they never spoke to each other.

Thus leisure, for a considerable time, was also solitude to George, who had refused several invitation to visits, for the vulgar reason of not liking the party.

A well stored library was his usual lounge after dinner; and in the evening he amused himself with music, or drawing; in a familiar correspondence with his sister; and occasionally in attempts at poetry, of which he was fond to excess.

The

The library of Mr. Emery comprised an assemblage of literature in all it's branches, and the privilege of access to such a store was, perhaps, the greatest happiness George had ever experienced.

Having, one afternoon, finished reading Dr. Gregory's life of the unfortunate Chatterton, he was detected in tears by the servant who brought him his tea and the evening papers.

George hastily snatched up the newspaper, to conceal his emotion, and cast his eyes rapidly over its contents.

Whilst his heart beat indignant at the fate of Chatterton, a paragraph presented itself, in which the enormous sums paid in one season to Didelot and his wife for dancing at the opera were enumerated.

"Good God!" exclaimed he, when left to himself, "how small a portion of this wealth might have saved to England, and to the world, another Milton!"

His ardent mind pursued the melancholy thought, and he penned the following sonnet.

SONNET.

Blush—blush ye great to hear the frequent sigh
Despair extorts from many a Briton's breast,
Inspired by Genius, by Want deprest,
Whose life is misery—whose hope—to die!
Whilst in your gorgeous theatres, behold,
From foreign shores a pantomimic band
Sublimely daring—on one leg to stand,
Delights your folly, and receives your gold.
O sons of Levity, with hearts of air,
Awake! arise from Fashion's flowery bed;
Go search where Genius lies, unhous'd, unseal'd;

And

And rescue suff'ring Merit from despair!
 Unbend stern Suicide's determined brow,
 And give his palsied heart with gratitude to glow!

Such were his pursuits, such his propensities. a conduct so different from other young men of his age, was the source of ridicule all over the house. The footmen, as they picked their teeth after dinner, "wondered where the devil the Hottentot was bred?" The maids "never saw such an insipid creature in their lives—supposed he had left his heart behind him, if, indeed, he ever had any;" whilst Mrs. Jennings, the housekeeper, vowed "that she verily believed, for her part, that he was sent into the house as a spy upon their conduct."

This latter suspicion aroused the jealous resentment of the butler, and the whole *corps domestique* resolved upon a war of indolence against him, which, however, the engaging suavity of his manners soon converted into the homage of grateful respect.

Such was the situation of George, when orders arrived from the Pavilion to prepare the house for the reception of its mistress during winter.

Though, to the *ruflicated* mind of George, every apartment seemed an assemblage of splendid *unnecessaries*, yet every apartment was thrown into confusion by the addition or exchange of sofas, cabriolets, tripods, chandeliers, and chimney ornaments, as if the house, for the first time, was to be furnished.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
 His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;
 Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,
 And send his wife to church, his son to school;
 Now times are changed—

POPE.

NEW scenes now opened. The reign of dissipation commenced for the season by the arrival of Mrs. Emery and her daughters. George was introduced by Mr. Emery. "Lord, child," said Mrs. Emery, "you can't think how excessively I've been longing to see you, ever since I knew of your arrival. Well, how do you like London? Is not it delightfully charming! Don't you think yourself transported to Paradise? What do you think of the theatres? Which do you like best, Drury Lane, or Covent Garden? Have you seen Parisot? Have you heard the Banti?"

George was never so confused in his life, as at the abrupt volubility of this lady. He was thinking how to reply to her string of questions, when, all of a sudden, she exclaimed—"Oh, pray do me the favour to write a note to the Countess of Codrington, to say we are come to town, and mean to be at the opera to night; and do me the favour to write to the Duchess of—Oh, now I think of it, it will be quite delightful to take them all by surprise,—and I'll positively frighten them all out of their senses. Come, Emma,—Come, Charlotte, looking at her watch, "we have

have just time enough to drive round the squares before we dress ;" and away they flew, leaving George in a state of perfect astonishment.

At dinner he saw them again, and more particularly surveyed the Miss Emerys. They were mere fashionables; their countenances rather pretty than handsome, without any traces of intelligence or sensibility. The youngest possessed most vivacity, and the eldest more sense; the former loved laughter, but the delight of the latter was scandal.

As they were reputed fortunes, they were not without admirers, whom they both kept in that doubting state of vassalage, so pleasing to the vanity of the giddy part of the fair sex, but at which a woman of virtue and understanding revolts.

By the attention of Lord Morley to Miss Emery, and the Rev. Mr. Eastwood to Miss Charlotte, George easily discovered the favourites of the day.

The hour for the opera arrived; the carriages were ordered; each of the favoured lovers handed his idol to his own charriot, whilst Mr. Emery's was reserved for Mrs. Emery and her new friend, George, of whom she affected to be extravagantly fond; and kindly undertook to lead him through all the mazes of the high world.

When they entered the magnificent structure of the opera house, which was extremely crowded, George was absolutely overcome by the strength of the new impressions which so sudden a blaze of splendor created.

The opera was over, and the overture to the ballet was performing. Upon a mind tasteful by nature, and uncommonly susceptible, charms of music were not lost. While every one else had seated themselves in the box, and were busily employed

played in nodding round the brilliant circle, exchanging looks of smiling affability, and at the same moment whispering mutual calumnies, George stood absorbed in exquisite sensations. A tittering sort of laugh aroused him, and he found he had been the laughing stock of the party.

"In the name of wonder," cried Lord Morley, "what have you found so petrifying?"

"Why, child," said Mrs. Emery, "you have used an attitude in the wrong place. Nobody ever listens to the overture; and as to being astonished, you must remember it's the vulgarest thing in the world to be surprised at any thing one sees!"

"Possibly," said Mr. Eastwood, "this is Mr. Barnwell's first appearance in this character."

George assented.

"Oh, monstrous!" screamed Mrs. Emery.

"Thou brute!—A month in London and not one night at the opera! How can you have possibly amused yourself?" said Lord Morley.

"Have tragedy and comedy entirely engrossed you?"

He had not seen either.

"Mercy on me," exclaimed Mrs. Emery, "what a task have I undertaken!—*Mon petit enfant*, come, tell your mama what you really have seen, and what you really do know."

Such was the trifling that prevented George from paying any attention to the music or dancers.

For what purpose do so many persons assemble here? thought he. The entertainments of the orchestra or stage might certainly as well be altogether omitted, as so slightly attended to. All that he had been permitted to see or hear, only served to excite his curiosity, and determined him to take an early opportunity of visiting the theatre alone.

As

As they were leaving their box—"I must relinquish going to the Dutchess's delightful party to night," said Mrs. Emery, "or dismiss my *noviciate*; for positively, George, you would disgrace me. Besides nobody knows you. I should have imagined Mr. Emery might, at least, have introduced you to a few fashionables. But he is so necessary to the Minister. Do you think they'll give him a coronet, my Lord?" turning to Lord Morley.

"I know they can refuse him nothing," said Lord Morley.

"Well," said Mrs. Emery, after a pause, "I shall certainly dismiss you George. And merely for your sake, I'll positively give a route on Thursday, (though it's abominable early in the season) ask all the world, and introduce you myself to every body. So, go—go your ways."—George parried these blows very well; for, though unlearned in the fashionable jargon of the beau monde, he was wanting neither in genteel deportment, or even an elegant and agreeable manner of expressing his ideas, which were superior, beyond all comparison, to the united efforts of his party.

As he was making his bow to Mrs. Emery, at the chariot door, three gentlemen, walking abreast, pushed the soldiers on one side, and were passing on, when Mrs. Emery's carriage attracted their notice, and they stopped to pay their respects:—"Oh Middleton," said the lady, "are you here?"

"We've just looked in," said a florid face man, with an amazing large cocked hat, and an insolent air:—"but, who the devil's that Quiz?" in a whisper.

"A very

"A very particular friend of Mr. Emery's just escaped from rural fetters. Have a little compassion on him, for our sakes," George," continued she, "this is Captain Middleton; he wishes the pleasure of your acquaintance!" and the carriage whirled off.

George now found himself in a new society. Captain Middleton took his arm in as familiar a style as if they were old acquaintances, and began a sort of catechism, that soon discovered his own most libertine principles, and proved to him the unfulfilled mind of his new acquaintance.

It was a dark night, and began to rain; a hackney coach was called, and orders given to drive to St. James's Street. They alighted at a coffee-house; and George, having acknowledged that he had no engagement, felt compelled to sit down with them to supper. Wine was quaffed in goblets, laughter expelled thought, and was kept up by a continued series of obscene merriment.

Unaccustomed to such scenes, George performed his part but indifferently. It was the first time in his life he had ever listened to an unbridled ridicule of religion and morality. Religion was absolutely scouted; and as to what was, or was not morality, it was so indefinable to the comprehension of those wits, that, according to their system, a man of liberal ideas had no other guide for his conduct than his own convenience.

As the wine circulated through their veins, their stories gained a richer colouring, and their principles became more naked.

In this situation was placed a youth of seventeen, whose heart had hitherto ever beat in unison with reason. It had known no irregular desires; had never felt the fire of lust, nor cherished any inclination

inclination unfunctioned by his head. Yet was his heart not stoic; it was open, generous, glowing with good will to all around him. Thence sprung that general wish, so fatal in it's effects, to accommodate his conduct to his company—to *do as others do*. To refuse a glass, is frequently to refuse a toast; and to refuse some toasts, would so impeach a man's principles, that he would be for ever after pointed at as a monster of virtue!

George was too good natured to refuse his wine, and too unaccustomed to it's effects to keep pace with his companions. The consequences were, insensibility for the night, and a most inveterate head-ach in the morning, with reflections more painful to his mind than any he had hitherto experienced.

CHAP. XVII.

As all the persons who compose this lawless assembly are masked, we dare not attack any of them in *our way*, lest we should send a woman of quality to *Bridewell*, or a Peer of Great Britain to the *Counter*.

SPECTATOR.

EVERY succeeding day now brought with it some novelty. The route at Mrs. Emery's was as splendid as any in London, and as crowded as her ambition could desire.

At this route George was introduced to a numerous host of personages, male and female; and their various titles, names, and descriptions, danced

in

in his brain the whole night : yet amongst them all there was but one for whose further acquaintance he felt the least inclination.

A very genteel young man, in mourning, who with his two sisters were introduced under the names of Mr. and the Miss Lambtons, had left a very favourable impression upon his mind.

His manners would have passed, with many, as proudly forbidding ; but George, with more discernment, saw in them the effects of a dignified reserve.

His conversation was elegant, and rational. He appeared to possess a considerable knowledge of the world, and to be familiar with the etiquette of the higher circles.

The Miss Lambtons were pleasing and intelligent young women.

Having past an hour in delightful converse with Mr. Lambton, George felt extremely concerned at his departure ; and the more so, as not the most distant hint of a second meeting fell from his lips.

Upon enquiring, he learned from Mrs. Emery, that this gentleman was the son of a deceased Welch squire, who had left his children the same of a liberal hospitality, in return for having frittered away, almost to nothing, his estate.

Mr. Lambton was studying the law ; and his sisters, who had just arrived from Wales, at present resided with him in town, and were entirely dependent upon his generosity.

George sighed to think, that the only individual he had met with in London, whose friendship he should wish to cultivate, he might in all probability never behold again.

He

He was agreeably disappointed. A few days after the route there was a masquerade at the opera house. Mrs. Emery had engaged George to accompany her, and a party accordingly was formed.

They had scarcely entered the room, when a black domino, with two females under his care, advanced. Mrs. Emery, with her usual volubility, was trying the patience of George just as this party passed.

"I have heard that voice before," said the black domino, to his companions.

George instantly recollected Mr. Lambton's voice, which was confirmed by the reply of his sisters. Noticing carefully his dress, he determined, if fate relieved him of his patroness, to make himself known.

Lord Morley and Miss Emery came running out of breath, to acquaint them that there was a most singular character at the other end of the room.

Mr. Eastwood and Miss Charlotte Emery arrived with a confirmation of the same intelligence. At the same instant Captain Middleton appeared, and Mrs. Emery, taking hold of his arm, relinquishing George's, he made his escape, and went in pursuit of Mr. Lambton. In a few minutes he discovered him; and walking a small distance behind him, listened to his voice again, that he might be confirmed in his opinion.

"Well, then, my girls," said Lambton, for 'twas he, "masquerades will not be among the number of those indulgences you may sigh to think a parent's indiscretions have deprived you of. What but inanity of mind can find pleasure in a scene like this? Are you not already tired with it?"

George was now convinced; and walking up to him, respectfully said—"Am I mistaken—or have

have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Lambton?"

"My name is Lambton, Sir; but I have to learn that of the person who honors me with his notice."

"Barnwell," replied George, unmasking.

Lambton bowed, and presented his sisters.

"I must absolutely offer a sacrifice to chance for this unexpected good fortune," said Barnwell.

"I think it so long since I had the pleasure of your conversation, that I began to despair of it's renewal."

"Do you expect me to reply sincerely, or fashionably, to so handsome a compliment?" said Lambton.

"That will depend, I apprehend, upon your own opinion of which I am most likely to be pleased with; though, if my own assertion will pass for any thing, I prefer sincerity, and yet desire to receive no greater than I bestow."

"Am I to understand, then, that residing with the most fashionable Commoners in the metropolis, with the most easy access to every amusement it affords, you can find leisure and inclination for so dull an employment as conversation?"

"I am happy to find you do not judge of me personally, but relatively."

A pause ensued.

"I am surprised to see so few characters," said George.

"I am rather surprised at the contrast of the real and assumed character of the metamorphoses we have. What, for instance, should you suppose was the real character of that prim Quaker!—The dress of purity conceals one of the most celebrated votaries of impure pleasure in this city.

With

With the imbecility of accelerated old age is combined the folly and dissipation of youth.

"He has the disposal of immense wealth, which he lavishes upon the lowest objects of pollution; yet, to discharge a just debt is painful to him.

"He disgraces the patrician order, by having been born to a dukedom; nay, he lessens the dignity of human nature, by shewing that the spirit of a Satyr may animate the resemblance of a man."

"Miserable old man!" cried George.

"And yet, observe how his company is sought after. His riches procure him the attention of a train of parasites, whose praise is infamy, but which he, poor man, gratefully receives, as the only substitute for those pleasing sensations, which play about the heart where virtue is respected.

"That fine form in the vest of a Nun, who seems so desirous of attracting the Quaker's attention, is one of the wildest daughters of fashionable levity. Her parents are respectable and opulent citizens; but Matilda unfortunately has an aunt, who is a widow of quality, with whom she resides at a distance from parental observation. If she has not yet absolutely bartered virtue for pleasure, she cannot justly be surprised that the world has already attached that infamy to her character, which she so sedulously courts.

"You will observe, that if she fails in obtaining the notice of the Cyprian Quaker, which would be the climax of notoriety, that she will attack at least half the young men in the room, be familiar with each, and tell them all, that she perfectly despises the last she flirted with."

"How much to be pitied!" said George.

"How

"How much more to be blamed!" replied Lambton: "for, though we make every allowance for an improper education, what can palliate such a contemptible thirst of admiration. Her errors are not the offspring of nature, but a mean and disgusting self-vanity, which impeaches her heart as well as her understanding. I can admit the volatility of youthful blood as an excuse for vivacity; but where that is natural, it never permits a disguise."

"Matilda is a mistress of cunning, and to obtain notoriety, would sacrifice the feelings of half mankind."

"It would be a task for the night to enumerate the uneasiness she has occasioned in various families; the discord she has fomented betwixt friends and lovers. But see, she has relinquished the Quaker in despair, and is crossing herself in the attitude of supplication before a Monk."

"And does your information extend to a knowledge of his reality?"

"He is the son of a courtier; a young man whose acquaintance is coveted by such as prefer a warm and luxurious description of obscene incidents to rational conversation. He has travelled, and will recount to you the intrigues of convents in such glowing language, as delights the depraved taste of such of his company as would be fatigued to death with any thing intellectual. I believe, in general, his stories are credited; but for my own part I cannot help a little scepticism, that makes me revolt at narrations so full of the marvellous. In fact, I have heard well informed people say, that in the company of men of sense, he will himself laugh at the credulity and false taste of his dupes."

"Do

“Do you observe a very well sustained resemblance of the Tragic Muse?” said George.

“It is an exception to my former remark,” replied Lambton;—“and is supported by an amiable woman, as melancholy at all seasons as she now appears. Her fate excites the sympathy of all who are susceptible of pity. With an admirable mind, and beauteous form, Fortune had also bestowed upon her riches and independence.

“Her ambition was a title. The Earl of — wanted materials to repair an impoverished estate, and possessed art sufficient to intangle her judgment. She became the Countess of —; and, too late, discovered that, for the inanity of a title she had exchanged independence and all prospects of happiness: she discovered that she had married a libertine, and a gamester.

“Her friends interposed; and have saved just so much from the wreck of her fortune as maintains her in an economical gentility.

“She is separated from her husband; and with the title of a Countess, is compelled to live in lodgings, and seldom appears in public.

“The frivolous part of her former acquaintance shun her with silly scorn; and the more sensible and sincere few, who still visit her, can afford her little else than their pity; the consolations of which, a dignified mind like her’s would much rather dispense with.

“Without a husband, without progeny, she is still a wife; and her present misfortunes are in no small degree heightened by the painful reflection, that they are attributed to her own fatal error.”

“How much I am obliged by your communications,” said George; “and how much would my dislike to London, and its *Harlequinades* be softened,

tened, could I have recourse to the intelligence of such a mind. Why are the terms friend, and friendship, become so ridiculously unmeaning," continued George, "that, whilst one's heart is prompted to confess it's attachment, the force of ridicule repels the generous instinct?"

"But for this, Mr. Lambton. I would not hesitate to ask a probation of my professions; and am not without hope that I should obtain your regard."

"It's well the party you have left do not overhear you," said Lambton. "Had Captain Middleton heard such a sentimental speech, you would never have been admitted into any of his parties; and the rejection would have marked you for a milk-sop all the rest of your life."

"Would to God he had been here, then," cried George.

"Softly, young man," said Lambton; "you are not sufficiently aware of the evil you so bravely spurn. Could you be content to be sneered at by the men, and laughed at by the women of your acquaintance?"

"Would *all* my acquaintance," said George, archly, "act so absurdly?"

"I perceive your allusion," said Lambton, smiling; "but you are too young for a philosopher—What comes here?" continued he.

A mask now approached, followed by a crowd, which his strange dress, and still more strange behaviour attracted.—He appeared as a Hermit.

"Does any one know him?—Does any one know him!" was buzzed about the room.

Captain Middleton, Mrs. Emery and her daughters, with Lord Morley and Mr. Eastwood, were among the followers of the Hermit.

"The man should certainly be confined," said Captain Middleton: "he must absolutely be mad."

"Somebody had better take care of him," cried Mrs. Emery; "he may commit some mischief."

"It's excessively unpleasant to be so bored with his sermons," said Lord Morley.

"Insects, away!" cried the Hermit, in a voice which George immediately recollected to be Mental's. "Insects, away!—Ye flies of fashion!—Ye fluttering nothings! Devoid of thought—caprice impells, or folly leads your steps. Leave me—leave me to my own reflections.—Aye,—Can you laugh!—Grin on—'tis Levity's meridian now, and this the paradise of Folly! Oh, how delightful to flutter in the blaze of such a sun!—sipping the dews of pleasure, and breathing the soft gales of amorous respiration!—'Twere well were this your everlasting region. But, oh! ye silly ones—how will ye bear the nipping frost, when chill adversity obscures a distant sun!—how will you palate the bitter cup of misery!—How will you meet the herald of your dissolutions, who have never fostered the unfortunate, or sympathised with the miserable, or the dying!"

"Lord!" cried Charlotte Emery, "let's leave him:—one had as well be obliged to listen to the man that preaches to the Jews."

"True, my sweet girl," said the Rev. Mr. Eastwood, "Morality is certainly very necessary in the world; but there are times for all things: besides, one may contrive means to acquaint people with their duty, without a breach of good manners."

George

George had stood silently observing what passed; but when Mental and the crowd had passed him, he could not help exclaiming——

“ Good heavens! the last man in the world I should have expected to meet at a masquerade!”

“ Do you know him, then?” said Lambton.

George briefly related the outlines of his story, which, with the remarks of Lambton on the tale, occupied the remainder of the time till they separated; when, to the great pleasure of George, Mr. Lambton gave him his address, and requested the favour of an early visit.

CHAP. XVIII.

I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,

To blow on whom I please—for so fools have,

And they that are most galled with my folly,

They most must laugh——

SHAKESPEARE.

SEVERAL weeks passed away unmarked by any event of consequence.

Mental never appeared, though, since the night of the masquerade, George constantly expected him.

New scenes, of business or amusement, succeeded each other so rapidly, as to leave little room for reflection, or little leisure for the conversations

of Lambton, which were the source of considerable improvement, and real delight.

Imperceptibly his mind became moulded into a compliance with fashionable life, and his manners assimilated to its modes; yet still the native purity of his principles remained unshaken: honour still glowed in his breast, and sincerity dwelt on his tongue.

He had now passed his seventeenth year, though the expression of his features, and his manly person, made him appear considerably older.

About this time Mr. Freeman wrote Mr. Emery intelligence of his intention to comply with his request, and permit his daughter to visit the metropolis; and added, that he meant himself to accompany her to town.

The agitation of Mr. Emery at this intelligence surprised George extremely. Uneasiness of mind became evident in every transaction. He would order the chariot, and forget his orders; he would employ George to copy statements of accounts, which he would alter as frequently as if it depended upon his fancy to arrange the figures.

Mr. Drudge, the acting partner, was closeted with him for hours together. Letters after letters were dispatched to the Treasury; and anxiety was expressed in his looks, words, and actions.

At length Mr. Freeman and his daughter arrived. The latter was a beautiful girl, about the age of seventeen.

George, who happened to be with Mr. Emery when their chaise stopt at his door, was struck with his exclamation, as he went to receive them—
“He’s here, by G—! Then there’s nothing for it but deception!”

In a moment the chagrin of his countenance was half concealed by an hypocritical smile of welcome.

"Well," cried Mr. Freeman, as he stumped through the hall, leaning on a gold-headed cane, "Well, Master Emery, here am I, once more, in London. Upon my conscience, but you've an elegant house here. Aye, and here are my old acquaintances, Emma and Charlotte. Why, they are grown out of mind; and so fine too—why, Maria," to his daughter "our country clothes will make our fashionable friends here blush for us. Where is my ward, Georgina? and where is young Barnwell?"

Congratulations and embraces now took place; and about six o'clock the servant announced dinner.

"Dinner!" exclaimed Mr. Freeman; "by my credit, but I'm shocked! What have not you dined! Well, well—I suppose it's the fashion."

By design, Mr. Emery had no party that day. As they were at dinner—"And, pray, how go things now in London? Have sugars advanced as much as was expected?"

"Sir—eh—sugars—" cried Emery, and looked significantly at George.

George answered the question.

Mr. Emery, fearful of more questions, began talking himself.

"Have you heard how many millions Mr. Pitt wants?"

"No," replied Mr. Freeman; "nor I don't care."

"I beg your pardon," said Emery; "but it will make some material difference to us, that I

happened to know to a certainty. The turn of the market hangs on that point."

"What market?" said Mr. Freeman.

Mr. Emery appeared confused.

"I mean," said he, "the funds. You are aware, that during the war, part of our capital would lie dead, were it not for the opportunities offered by loans."

"Why, truly," said Mr. Freeman, "loans, or those things, I don't know much about. Merchandize, in my younger days, consisted in imports and exports; a good cargo outwards, or homewards; and I can't say I much like the new sort of merchandize, where the freight is invisible, and the bills of exchange are abundant. Not but, in my time, if the state stood in need of assistance, the merchants of London could advance their cash at fair interest; but they never made the distress of their country the means of their profit, or degraded the character of an English merchant into that of a money lender."

"But you must consider the difference of the times, Sir," said Emery. "Things are much altered since then."

"I'm afraid they are," said Mr. Freeman emphatically.

After dinner Mr. Freeman, Mr. Emery, and George, were left to themselves. Mr. Emery drank glass after glass till he seemed to have conquered his feelings; and George thought proper to leave them together.

They soon, however, joined the ladies in the drawing room, and were scarcely seated, when Lord Morley was announced.

"Lord who?" cried Mr. Freeman. "Why, you did not say you expected any Lords."

"Oh

"Oh dear, Sir," said Mrs. Emery, "they tire us to death with their freedom."

"Either, then, the dignity of a nobleman is diminished, or the consequence of Master Emery considerably advanced," said Mr. Freeman.

A hectic cough introduced his lordship. "My dear creatures," cried he, entering, "am I the first to give you joy—have you heard it—eh— But I beg pardon, I did not observe—"

Mr. Freeman was introduced.

"What's the news, you tiresome creature?" said Miss Emery. How can you keep us in such suspense!"

"Any thing of importance, my Lord?" said Mr. Freeman.

"News of the first consequence, Sir," replied the Lord.

"From the continent, I suppose?" said Mr. Freeman.

"You are right, Sir—from the continent. We totally despaired of such good fortune; for though we would absolutely not have scrupled sending over a whole *corps* in exchange for him, the *Great Nation* would have still persisted in detaining him, had he not elcaped *sans ceremonie*."

"He is safe arrived, then?" said Mr. Freeman.

"I have seen him," said his lordship.

"Bravo!—Bravo!" cried Mr. Freeman, rubbing his hands. "He is a brave and gallant fellow, and I am glad of it with all my heart; and hope it won't be long before they send him upon another *blazing* expedition against their navy."

Lord Morley stared—"Blazing expedition!—Navy!—You'll pardon me, Sir; but, upon my honour, I don't comprehend the allusion."

"Why, I'm alluding to Sir Sidney Smith, who you say has escaped from the French."

"Sir Sidney!—the devil!" exclaimed his lordship. "No, Sir, I do not concern myself about any such gunpowder gentry. I—Sir—am alluding to that dear delightful creature—Monsieur Caperonis—the first dancer in Europe."

"Psha!" said Mr. Freeman; "is that your important intelligence?"

"Delightful!—Charming!—charming!"—cried Mrs. and the Miss Emerys.

The Reverend Mr. Eastwood now entered the room: his pretty features screwed into a simper—twirling an eye glass in his hand, which was suspended gracefully round his neck by a purple ribbon; a white Cambric handkerchief hung half out of his pocket; his left toe just touched the ground, and he stood the compleat image of the most disgusting character in the world—"a clerical fop!"

"Have they imposed upon me, my dear Lord Morley, or is it really true—The Caperonis—is he really arrived?"

The conversation flowed now solely in this channel, and Mr. Freeman, evidently disgusted, strolled out of the room, and Mr. Emery followed him.

The ladies engrossed Maria to themselves; and George could only now and then make a remark. When, however, he had that opportunity, the sense or feeling of his observations was eagerly noticed by Maria, who failed not to contrast them, to their advantage, with the insipidity and impertinence of the rest of the party.

The appearance of Lambton was a relief to Barnwell, who called, by appointment, to introduce

duce him that evening to one of Mr. Heavyside's *converzazioni*.

"What a comfortable escape," said George to his friend; "and yet these are the beings so emphatically stiled, by Shakespeare, the '*makers of manners*!'—Well may our manners be vapid. Here, however," continued he, as they entered Mr. Heavyside's theatre, "we shall meet minds of a different mould."

Mr. Lambton found pleasure in answering the questions of George concerning what he saw, for he was perfectly well read in the theory of anatomy, and was in the habit of intimacy with several professional men. Among a group that were assembled round the fire, he pointed out to him a young man, as a poet of uncommon genius.

"He has the fire of Milton," said he; "but wants judgment. His writings resemble a wild, uncultivated spot of ground, where the most beautiful productions of nature occasionally surprise and delight the eye, but, wanting the uniformity of design, and the arrangement of taste, fail in making any lasting impression on the fancy. It is exactly so with the works of that young enthusiast, who has published already enough to raise the highest ideas of what he might have been, and at the same time to shew the world, that he will never reach that eminence.

"I perceive," continued he, "he is now debating most vehemently. We will join the party; but let me first guard you against the warmth of his language and sentiments. He is a democrat from feeling. The French revolution burst upon his opening mind like a new created sun, and the rays of the new philosophy have so dazzled his discernment, that his mind, enlightened only on

one side, can discover neither beauty or truth out of the new system."

They joined the group, which consisted of several celebrated characters.—George, all ear, listened with avidity to the conversation, and felt a real delight when it was proposed to adjourn to a tavern, to supper.

During supper the conversation was general, and not very interesting; but when the waiters withdrew, and the glasses were placed on the table, George's heart beat high with expectation. When he saw such celebrated characters seated with himself at the same board, he almost debated with himself, which he desired to hear most *drawn out*; and justly imagining, that, most probably, he should never behold such another meeting, he hoped they would *all* enter into the conversation.

How unstable are human hopes! The young poet, whose ardent fancy had formed some hundred lines, which he presented to the managers of the theatre, as a tragedy, now appealed to the company for their opinion of his production. Then pulling out a bundle from his pocket, he began reading his tragedy, nor once attempted to desist, till the *exceunt omnes* of the last scene of the last act.

The production, which at any other time might have entertained him, appeared to George now perfectly disgusting; as, by it's obtrusion, the mouths of the whole company were closed, till the salutation of "Good night" broke up the party.

C H A P. XIX.

Ah! turn thine eyes

Where the poor, houseless, shiv'ring female lies:

She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,

Has wept at tales of innocence distressed.

GOLDSMITH.

AFTER a week spent in London, during which time he had inspected the accounts which his partners laid before him, Mr. Freeman returned to his seat in Yorkshire, leaving his daughter Maria in Portland Place.

The remainder of the winter was passed by the fashionable family of the Emerys in a round of amusements, of which the repetition would be tedious. The theatres, the opera, concerts, balls, routes and fano banks at length, however, yielded their influence over the *beau monde* to the various attractions of summer.

Away flew the Emery's to the Pavilion; which was a most beautiful Villa, built by Mr. Emery, from a design of Wyatt's, on the bank of the Thames, near Richmond.

To this delightful spot George frequently rode on an evening, and returned to town in the morning; or sometimes would remain there two or three days. The whole family delighted in his company; and though the Pavilion was never without a party of six or seven besides themselves, yet the additional society of Mr. Barnwell was always matter of pleasure. But to none was his converse

so sweet, his manners so pleasing, as to the gentle Maria.

Nor was her well cultivated mind, her well grounded principles, her grace, her elegance of manners, and winning softness of disposition unnoticed by Barnwell. A mutual esteem was the result. It may be properly called esteem, for it was the homage of the judgment and the heart unblended with passion: it was the delightful dawning of love; a serene, pleasing sensation of the mind, unruffled by desire.

In their walks, they would oftentimes hear of each other's benevolence from the neighbouring cottagers.

In their mixed companies, a smile of approbation from one, rewarded the expressions or sentiments of the other. In the library their choice of authors was frequently the same; whilst their private conferences still more fully discovered their identity of sentiments and taste.

Dividing his time betwixt the Pavilion and Portland Place, alternately enjoying the society of his friend Lambton and the amiable Maria, with just enough of business to make his leisure more agreeable, George passed the months of this summer more pleasantly than any former period of his life.

The letters he received from his mother and Eliza, every week brought him the happiest accounts of their health, and comfortable situation. The world appeared to his glad view a pleasant garden; and blossoms of delight decorated his tranquil path.

Such was Barnwell; when, towards the close of day, about the middle of September, a person muffled up in a long black cloak, enquired for him in Portland Place; and upon being shown into a parlour,

parlour, discovered himself to be Mental. He was grown paler, and much thinner, than when George saw him last.

"Are you alone?" cried he.

"Yes," replied George.

"And are you at leisure—Does no banquet wait for you?"

"None, I assure you," replied Barnwell. "Mr. Emery is at Buxton, and the rest of the family at the Pavilion."

"Is the door fast—Bolt it—I have a secret to impart."

George began to survey him more closely. His manner seemed even more wild, and his words more like madness, than when he parted with him. He obeyed him, however, and repeated his assurances that they were alone.

"When I last saw you, I gave you a miniature," said Mental. Have you it about you?"

George drew it from his bosom.

"Yet do not shew it me!—Confirmation is unnecessary. Put it up—put it up!—Oh, horrible!"—and he shuddered as if seized with an ague.

Barnwell was affected—"What new sorrow, Sir," said he, "afflicts you thus?"—May I be entrusted—"

"Sorrow!" cried Mental; give it not so soft a name! Fools, women, children, can be sorry. If it rains, if the dews of heaven wet their silks, they are sorry. If a dance is postponed, or a play deferred, or a dinner spoiled, folks are sorry. What, then, but horror is it that a man must feel, who having murdered his wife, drives his child to perdition!—My Elinor!—my daughter!"

"Have you heard any tidings of your daughter, Sir?" said Barnwell.

"Look

"Look at that miniature," said Mental. "It is the counterpart of that which you possess."

Walking three or four times up and down the room, which happened to be a dining parlour, and drinking a tumbler of water which stood on the sideboard, he appeared, after awhile, more composed, and threw himself into a chair.

"It was my intention when you came to reside here, of which I was apprised, to have visited you, but a strange discovery prevented me. Sauntering, one day, through the streets of the metropolis, my eye was attracted by the brilliant shew of jewellery and trinkets in the window of a pawnbroker. Among a crowd of other articles, in one corner of the window, were three miniatures, one of which (imagine my surprise) struck me as greatly resembling what I had once been. Upon a closer examination, not a doubt remained of its being the counterpart of that which I presented you at the abbey. The villain Linmore, in our happy days, painted the two likenesses. One was my poor Elinor's, which I gave you; the other was given to the governess of my daughter, to be presented to her, and I know was presented to her, on her twelfth birthday.

"To see this miniature, then, was to see my daughter, and brought to my mind the painful recollection of her uncertain fate. I purchased it; and then, with an earnestness that surprised the pawnbroker, requested him to relate to me all he knew concerning it.

"Barren was his intelligence, amounting merely to the recollection, that it was pledged there about two years ago, by a woman who lived as a servant to some ladies, at that time lodging nearly
opposite,

opposite, at a house that had since been pulled down.

‘The woman,’ he continued, ‘still very often comes here; and you may, perhaps, learn something further from her.’

“Day after day, forgetful of every thing else, I waited on the pawnbroker, and, in about a week, was informed that the woman had been there, and had left her direction. I sought her residence—a miserable one it was—the abode of infamy and lewdness! Oh, how my heart sickened at the picture of misery and vice, wretchedness and debauchery!—and how fearfully I gazed at each countenance, dreading to behold among the hirelings of prostitution my poor, abandoned child!

“The woman who had pledged the miniature told a plain tale frankly, that made the blood freeze in my veins! The ladies with whom she resided, she owned, were of that description I feared—that the miniature, she believed, belonged to the one who went by the name of Ellen, who had been well brought up, and had eloped very young, from a boarding school, with an Irish officer.

“I doubted no longer. Ellen, I persuaded myself, was an abridgement of her own name; and I determined not to rest till I discovered her retreat, if living—her grave, if dead.

“The clue I gathered was, that, soon after the miniature was parted with, these unfortunate women quarrelled and separated. Ellen went with a young nobleman to Bath, and the other Unfortunate went abroad.

“To Bath, the next day, I travelled post; and, by enquires, found that the poor wretch resided there about six months, and then quitted that place
for

for Bristol, where she opened a little shop with the wages of her infamy, the nobleman having quitted her. Here she resided nearly twelve months, when, having met with impositions and losses, she became involved in debt, and was compelled once more to seek refuge from her creditors in the crowd of this metropolis, and returned to a miserable traffick of shame! Oh, what a year of misery have I since endured!

“Every place of amusement, every haunt of pleasure, every mart of shame, I have visited, I have strolled whole nights through the streets of London, viewing each female with a dreadful curiosity; but all was in vain: till, about a fortnight ago, at the corner of Exeter Street, in the Strand, I met the woman to whom I first applied. She knew me, and accosted me——

“Ah! Sir,” cried she, “poor Ellen!”

“I seized her by the arm——What of Ellen?—Where is she?—answer me!—shew me where she is!——exclaimed I.

“Haven’t you seen her, then, Sir?—Poor thing, she wouldn’t know you now, then——She’s quite *delirious*!”

“Take me to her this moment!” said I. I followed her silently through several lanes and allies at the back of the Strand; till at length she stopped at a dirty old house, kept by a woman who sold green grocery. Feeling my way up two pair of dark stairs, I entered a miserable apartment. The walls had once been white-washed, but were now covered with smock and dirt. A dull light was admitted through a small casement darkened by pieces of old rags, stuffed in several places where the glass was broken. Not a chair, nor table, was in the room; no grate, nor stove, was in

in the fire-place; but a few bits of wood were burning in one corner, over which an old woman, covered with rags and filth, was warming something in a pipkin.

"On the floor—On the floor! Mr. Barnwell," repeated Mental, "was a fight to agonise a heart of stone! A thin mattress only was betwixt the bare boards and a poor emaciated wretch, breathing out the last sigh of anguish and despair!

'There's poor Ellen, Sir,' said the woman who conducted me. And then addressing herself to the old woman—'Here, Mother Andrews,' said she, 'is a good gentleman come to see poor Ellen!' 'God bless him for it,' said the old woman: 'but I'm *afear'd* it's all over. I've been warming her a little tea—it's all I've got to give her.'

"All this passed during my profound silence, for I *could* not speak. I knelt by the poor dying object; I took her senseless hand, but in vain searched for the resemblance of my Elinor. The agonies of death had already deformed the countenance; and in a few moments, with a groan, she expired! I dropped a tear upon the lifeless hand—the first I had long shed—and it greatly relieved me.

'God receive her poor soul!' said the old woman.

"This aroused me. 'Ill fated child! of an ill fated mother!' cried I, and embraced the senseless corpse, 'Oh, what a change from the blooming cherub of innocence, that I abandoned! I sunk in agony upon the body. At length the voice of the old woman again aroused me—'Is there a Deity!—is there a Deity!' exclaimed I; 'and is this his world—and are we his creatures!—Oh, no, no, or these things would not be!' It

was

was an ejaculation extorted by the keenest anguish, that ever pierced the human breast. The poor wretch gazed at me with a sort of horror——

‘Ah! Sir,’ cried she; ‘don’t talk so!—There is a God, who knows what’s best for us all; and if we suffer in this world, he can reward us in another:—and I am sure, poor soul, she went through enough to atone for her folly. Poor creatures!—nobody knows, but them that *see*, what they go through!’

“And who art thou, that hast seen so much?” said I. ‘Come—sit you down;—[there was a washing tub and an old box, which served for chair and table]—and, if you *can*, relate me the story of this poor wretch!’

‘I only *know’d* her lately. In their best days they keep higher company. I have lived ten years in this room; and, though Ellen is the first that died here, I have tended many a one in sickness on that bed. But then, if they get worse, they mostly *got* into some hospital, or went to their parish.’

“And were there no hospitals, or parish, for her?”

‘Why, you shall hear. It’s about two months ago, since, one very rainy night, this poor creature was brought here by one, that had formerly had half of my bed. She was that day thrust out of doors by a hard-hearted creature, who thought herself an angel, truly, because she did not send the poor soul to jail, for about two and forty shillings, that she owed her.’

She was as thin as a lath! and had a cough; it made one’s heart ache to hear it. The clothes upon her back, and two shillings and a pocket-piece were all she had in the world. The girl that brought her was a tender hearted thing, and promised

mised that, if I would let her have half of my bed, she would see me paid my groat a week regularly; and for a while sure enough she did, and brought her poor friend, now and then a raspberry tart, and a little wine. But all of a sudden she left it off, and I have never seen her since. God knows but she may now be in want herself.'

"This is Society!" cried I, shaking as with an ague. 'Anan,' said the old woman, not understanding me. She went on.

'So, then, I was obliged to break into her two shillings; one went all at once for a bottle of stuff for her cough; and soon the other was spent also. Then the poor clothes went; one thing after another. And at last she grew quite *delirious*.

'I had saved up about a crown, but that I know'd wouldn't last long; and as I could do no washing for the other girls, while I tended her, there was nothing coming in; and so I was obliged to apply for an order for her to be moved to the workhouse, were she was to have gone this morning; but last night she changed so for the worse, I thought it cruel to move her; and as she wanted nothing but a little moisture in her mouth, I said I'd tend her till she was released, and then they might send for a coffin—'

"No—No—cried I—I will provide what's wanting *now*. Perhaps an earlier meeting might have saved her life."

She was decently interred. The good Mrs. Andrews was rewarded. Good, I call her, for whatever in her youth she may have been, she now possesses a heart that wills all good imaginable to her fellow creatures.

"Thus far I had acted upon the presumption of her being my child. There was little doubt upon the

the point, indeed; but still it was not certain: when a circumstance took place that confirmed me in doubting rather than believing. I applied to the woman who so inhumanly thrust her from her house, for information: but she could afford me none. There was a trunk of her's, she said, in her possession, which, upon paying what was owing, I might receive. She believed it was full of letters.

"I eagerly consented; and, upon opening the trunk, found it, as she said, full of letters. Among them was a bundle written in a neat female hand. I untied this bundle, and found the letters signed "Elinor." They are compositions of uncommon merit, as to style and manner; but the matter, though ingenious, is highly exceptionable.

"This circumstance staggered me extremely. That the letters were wrote by my daughter, is beyond a doubt. They had been sent under cover, and began "Dear Friend," but no address was upon them.

"The only conjecture, then, that can reconcile the deceased's having these letters, written by herself, in her possession, is, that they have been returned from the person to whom they were written."

"It *may* be so," said George; "but surely it is not too much to hope, that the deceased, after all, was the friend who resided with your daughter; and that she herself may yet be living."

"Not for the wealth of worlds would I change the certainty of her death for such a torturing suspense. No—no—no—I will cherish the thought of having laid her in the silent grave; though it be delusion.

"Come

"Come with me—Come with me—I'll shew you the spot where she lies. I'll repeat to you the story of her sufferings; for, oh, young man, in such a house as this, these lessons are not common. The riot, the mirth, the glitter of guilt alone, you behold here. Come—come to the abodes of the dying, and the graves of the dead, and learn it's certain consequences!"

They walked out together.

CHAP. XX.

Yet know the time arrives, the dangerous time,

When all these virtues opening now so fair,
Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,
Must learn each passion's boist'rous breath to bear.

MASON.

A FEW days after Mental's visit, and while the Emerys were yet at the Pavilion, Barnwell received the following letter:

SIR,

"It is with extreme reluctance that an unhappy stranger obtrudes herself upon your notice. The forms of society do not so strongly condemn me as the emotions of my own proud heart; but adversity weakens, even where it does not conquer pride—and I have known adversity!—Have known, do I say!—

"Though perfectly unknown to his son, the Reverend Mr. Barnwell once honoured me with
his

his friendship; and if a countenance, so resembling his father's, may be trusted as indicative of a similar generosity of heart, that son will not spurn the suit of the unfortunate. It is, indeed, almost too much to solicit the favour of a visit, though the tale I am compelled to relate I should be unwilling to trust on paper. I will venture, then, to beg one hour of your time, whenever it can be best spared from more cheerful occupations, to listen to the distresses of,

Berners Street,

Wednesday.

"Sir,

"your most

"obedient servant,

"E. MILWOOD.

"P. S. I shall take the liberty of ordering my servant to call for an answer in the evening."

Curiosity and compassion were awakened by this letter in the breast of Barnwell. Repeatedly, and distinctly, he read its contents. There was distress, yet delicacy—there was an appeal to his heart through the most fine-wrought flattery—Above all, there was praise to the memory of a father, whose shade he adored.—In the warmth of his first impressions, he was going immediately to Berners Street; but the impropriety of such a step soon accured. This incident occupied his entire thoughts: he formed a variety of conjectures, planned his conduct according to the supposed cases, and as speedily renounced his imaginations as absurd.

That the purport of this visit was to afford him an opportunity of displaying his generosity, seemed certain; and he began a calculation of his finan-

ces.

ces. His uncle had remitted him large sums. His expences, though great, were well managed. He was a strict economist; and therefore, though his hand had been liberal, his purse was not empty.

If, therefore, thought he, a temporary assistance will avail, I shall have the satisfaction of affording it; and if, on the contrary, a more deep calamity, than my ability can disperse, claims the just notice of discriminating benevolence, there is my uncle, or even old Mental, who, I am sure, will thank me for the information: and surely the writer of this letter cannot be unworthy of their favour.

Such were the reflections of inexperience, and such the feelings of a benevolent and uncorrupted heart.

He wrote an answer, appointing the next morning, at twelve o'clock, for the interview; and felt no inconsiderable anxiety till its arrival.

At the appointed hour he repaired to Berners Street, and was ushered into a very neat and elegant drawing room. In a few minutes a lady entered, in deep mourning, with a work basket in her hand. She seemed almost sinking with diffidence; and the struggles of her wounded pride appeared depicted in her countenance. George rose, and bowed respectfully.

"This condescension, Sir," said she, hesitating;—"the condescension of this visit, is, at the same time, the source of so much satisfaction and pain!—that I must request your pardon:—but—I really—I!——" And she sunk into her chair, and applied her handkerchief to her face.

Barnwell stood mute with surprise. Instead of the female of his imagination, worn with woe, and wasted with despair!—a form and face had burst

burst upon his view, the most beautiful he had ever seen. Her figure, considerably above the middle size, was majestic, dignified, and elegant: her countenance admirably corresponded with her person. Dark hair, flowing in luxuriant ringlets on her forehead, and hanging loose on her neck, greatly heightened the effect of a most delicate complexion, still further assisted by well formed eye brows, and lips of coral hue.

Her dress was simply elegant, and displayed the beautiful symmetry of her person to advantage. After a pause of some duration——

“Pray, be seated, Sir,” said she, recovering herself;—for Barnwell, unconscious that he did so, had stood silently gazing on the form before him.—“How weak are our strongest resolves!” continued she. “I had, I imagined, prepared myself for this interview; and thought myself strongly armed against all the attacks of pride: but the remembrance of what they *have* been, is among the last things with which the unfortunate are compelled to part.”

George, extremely afflicted at her distress, attempted once or twice to speak himself, but failed in the attempt. The lady continued——

“Many, and powerful, were the struggles I have encountered, ere I resolved upon soliciting this interview; but the character of Mr. Barnwell, so opposite to the volatile and unthinking youths of fashion (to whom a story of distress is the source either of spleen or scorn), added to the very encouraging traits of benevolent sympathy so strongly portrayed in his countenance, at length emboldened me to take a step, I have since, more than once, repented. I have therefore, Sir, to entreat your pardon for so great a liberty; and hope you will completely

completely erase from your memory the indiscreet request I have made."

"Madam—I——If I can——if it is in my power—I shall be happy, Madam—I hope——if there is any thing that——."

Such were the incoherent words of Barnwell, in whose breast pity, which was it's constant guest, now mingled it's influence with a new and strange sensation;—so strange, so new, as to create a wild alarm not only in his countenance, but in his words and manner.

"I perceive your generous intentions; but I cannot—I *ought* not—to take advantage of so much goodness!—How strongly you resemble your worthy father!"

"You knew my father?"

"Yes, Sir, I knew him once—They were happy days when I knew Mr. Barnwell!—I little dreamt how severe a destiny was to succeed those joyful days. But, alas! how feeble is our hold on earthly bliss—how fleeting our joys—how unstable our hopes of happiness!—Oh, painful to contemplate the picture of what I have been—and view the gloomy scenes before me! Wealth, and friends, and hope, were then all mine. Now poverty, and enemies, and fell despair, surround me; and the worst that Fate can ordain to mortals, is my gloomy expectation!"

Barnwell had struggled to overcome his embarrassment; and collecting himself as much as possible, he said—

"If the calamity, which has wrought so unhappy a change, may be communicated without pain, believe me, Madam the confidence with which you honour me shall be respected, by one,

Vol. I.

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who

who has ever felt for the unhappy, but who never felt so deeply as at the present moment."

"Ah, Sir!" said Milwood,"—and sighed—"The soothing voice of friendship," continued she, "has been so long unheard; my ear has been so used of late to the sounds of anger and defiance, that the tenderness of your expressions has the influence of music on my mind. But when you are acquainted with my story, I much fear that your language will be altered; and that, ceasing to pity my misfortunes, you will only censure my misconduct."

"Pardon me, Madam," said Barnwell. "The emotions of pity are arbitrary sensations, for the justice of which we cannot be presumed responsible; but the voice of censure ought at least to have the sanction of experience, and the motives of prevention. To add the poignancy of reproof to the stings of conviction, betrays an unfeeling heart at all times; but most unpardonable, indeed, would it be to pour reproach into the breast that seeks, by confidence, the balm of consolation!"

"Cease, Sir! I beseech you, cease to speak thus! You are not aware how much you increase the wound you seek to heal!"

Then rising from her chair, and walking with considerable emotion about the room—

"I have born oppression!" continued she; "I have suffered, with some degree of dignity, the *'stings and arrows of outrageous fortune'*; but your pity, your sympathy, Mr. Barnwell, disarms me of my purpose, and increases the weakness I had almost subdued. I will hasten to relate to you my errors, that your scorn and contempt may subdue the baneful effects of your *too cruel tenderness*!"

"Mysterious!"

"Mysterious!" exclaimed Barnwell, in a low tone of voice.

"Hear me, Sir.—My name is Milwood: my family is one of the most ancient and respectable in the county where they reside. My parents both died ere I had attained an age to be sensible of their loss. I was the youngest of six orphans. My eldest brother, who succeeded to the title and estates of his father, was at the period of his decease, a student at Cambridge university; another brother was an ensign in the militia of the county; and a third served as a midshipman in the navy.

"I had two sisters, who, with myself, were taken under the guardianship of my mother's brother, the Dean of——. With this gentleman we resided, enjoying every advantage which his fortune or abilities could bestow. As my father died intestate, and the whole of his property was in landed estates, every branch of the family was left dependant on the discretion and generosity of my elder brother.

"Poor Edward! Thy memory shall never be insulted by me, however severely the consequences of thy errors fall on thy unhappy sister! Suffice it, then, to observe, that the indiscretions of the youth at college were made the means of enriching a few worthless characters, who preyed upon the openness of his soul, and consigned to poverty and dependance those, who were born with far better expectations.

"The remorse he felt, that a fate so unworthy of his house should be brought upon it by himself, drove the ill-fated Edward to those wretched expedients, which, lulling for a moment the pangs of recollection, increase the dread of thought, and hurry those who seek them to a grave of shame.

" So 'twas with my poor Edward ! Peace to his spirit ! My other brothers are each rising to wealth and eminence in their professions. The eldest of my sisters married to the satisfaction of the Dean, and is now the happy mother of several children. My other sister died.

" Now, Sir, I am to speak of myself. From a long residence in his family, from his parental fondness, I had imbibed for the Dean, my uncle, all the tender feelings of a daughter. The Deanery was as my native home ; and every desire that the young heart knows, was gratified as soon as known. 'Twas here I once was honored with the society of your father. He was an excellent man !" [George bowed.] " I have no particular event to detail," continued Milwood, " till, about two years ago, when a distant relation of the Dean's, who had been some time upon a visit at the Deanery, did me the honor to offer me proposals of marriage. It was not the first offer I had received ; but it was the first that had received the pressing recommendation of the Dean.

" I answered, however, to this proposal, as I had uniformly done to others ; and candidly intimated, that I did not feel that affection, on which alone I built my hopes of happiness in the married state ; and without which, it was my firm determination never to approach the altar !

" Why, then did he still pursue me ? Why did he commence a persecution, that can only terminate with my existence ! Or why—oh, my beloved uncle ! why did the cold calculations of interest outweigh, in thy breast, the pleadings of nature !

" I must check myself.—The wealth and honors of the gentleman who was my suitor were
among

among his inferior recommendations. Elegant in his person and manners; happy and uniform in his temper; mild and benevolent in his disposition; learned without pedantry; witty, without satire; he possessed almost every qualification that could render him amiable and estimable. Yet, Sir, I felt for Lord Naresby nothing like love. I admired his accomplishments; I respected his virtues; but, alas! this state of mind is far short of love. You, perhaps, Mr. Barnwell, as well as myself, are, I presume, sensible how different the operations of our hearts are from the cool exercise of our understandings!"

The abruptness of this appeal, and the penetrating look that accompanied it, overwhelmed with confusion the youth to whom it was addressed. Barnwell blushed deeply; he stammered; but his words were incoherent sounds.

Of love, as a passion, he had hitherto known nothing but the name. There was, perhaps, something extremely like the beginnings of love now struggling for existence in his bosom; but it was a new, a strange sensation, of whose origin he was ignorant; of whose influence he had no conception.

Milwood, whose penetration and art equalled her beauties, observed with satisfaction, with delight, the disorder of which she well knew herself the creator. Dissembling, however, the joy she felt, under the well feigned semblance of sorrow, she continued her tale.

"My uncle," said she, "so warmly espoused the cause Lord Naresby, as to descend to threats of his displeasure, if I persisted in refusing his proposals. He is naturally a humane man; but, in this instance, his anger overcame him, and his expressions

expressions were harsh and cruel. Still, Sir, I persisted in my refusal. My brothers were appealed to. My married sister, and her lord, were also made my judges; and with one voice they all condemned me to the cruel alternative of marrying a man, for whom I felt no preference; or of forfeiting, for ever, their protection and esteem!

"The most insulting and unfeeling motives were attributed to me in rejecting so splendid and honorable a proposal. I was shunned by the whole family. My walks were at first watched; at last, prohibited. I was detained a prisoner in my uncle's castle, nor ever permitted to walk beyond the boundaries of his Park.

"As my relations increased their cruelty towards me, Lord Naresby redoubled his tenderness and attention; obtaining by his interest occasional liberties, and some few marks of concern from my tyrants; but, instead of gaining, by this conduct, any advance in my esteem, it sunk him beneath the former level of indifference, and I became disgusted with a man, who could consent to receive such mean advantages.

"My situation grew daily more and more intolerable. A faithful servant, who had attended me for many years, was discharged, upon the pretended suspicion of aiding me in an ideal correspondence, which they said I carried on with some low born wretch, whom I had the meanness to prefer to the man of their choice.

"Alas! how much were they mistaken, if, indeed, they imagined my heart at that time had a preference among mankind. No, Sir, nor even a friend, beyond poor Mary, whom they discharged, had I in the whole world. When she was gone, they placed over me a cruel, insolent old woman,

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in the capacity of a servant, but with the powers of a mistress.

" Debarred the comforts of society, of reading, drawing, or any other amusement, my mind, unshaken in its resolution, became desperate; and after duly weighing all the obstacles that opposed themselves to such a step, I determined to quit, for ever, the house that had hitherto been my asylum.

" My faithful Mary found means to acquaint me, in my captivity, that, after her dismissal, she had travelled, at her own expence, twenty eight miles from the castle to an old lady who was my father's distant relation, but an inveterate foe to my uncle, and all my mother's relations.

" This lady, a widow, and childless, was extremely rich; and though she had never seen me, such was the success of Mary's tale of my sufferings, that she commissioned her to tell me, she would receive me as her daughter, if I could escape from the castle. I did escape; and Mary and I were received by my relation with every mark of kindness and respect.

" I have particular reasons for concealing, for the present, the name of this lady and her residence. My uncle soon discovered my retreat, and wrote a letter, filled with indignation at my conduct, and a formal renunciation; in which he was joined by my brothers and sisters.

" In my new situation I was, for some time, as happy as I could wish; till an event——But let me stop in time——If I proceed with sincerity to relate the cause of my unhappiness, I am afraid——indeed, Mr. Barnwell—I am much afraid, the loss of your esteem would be the painful consequence; and heaven only knows how highly I esteem your good opinion!"

" Madam!"—exclaimed Barnwell.

"Aye, Sir, you may well be surprised!—My face, my voice, are new to you; but not so your's to me."

"Indeed!" said Barnwell. "Where, pray, have you then seen it?"

"No matter, Sir—since I now see it for the last time!"

"I hope not!" said Barnwell, with warmth.

"Stranger as you are to me, Madam, I feel so deeply interested, so much concerned, for your welfare, that, excepting my sister and my mother, I know no person in the world I more ardently desire to serve."

"You are kind—you are very kind!" said Milwood.

"Can I serve you, Madam?"

"You *alone*, *can* serve me; but you *will not*, nay, you *shall not* serve me."

"You speak mysteriously, and you look wild. Fear not, I beseech you, to confide to me your sorrows!—my bosom shall be their sacred repository."

"Generous—generous youth!" said Milwood; and, with a seeming unconsciousness, threw her arm upon his shoulder: then, appearing to recollect herself, hastily withdrew it.

Every moment now increased the desire of George to be made acquainted with her distress. He gazed earnestly upon her face, endeavouring to read her sorrows in her countenance. He ventured to take her hand—

"Dear lady, let me entreat you no longer to delay the recital of your woes. Of whatever nature they may prove, God only grant me the power to remove them, and I shall be the happiest of men."

"Your

"Your generosity of mind, your tenderness of heart, are indeed the objects of my admiration! But, alas! my calamity is of so peculiar a nature, that the most generous mind, the most susceptible heart, cannot conceive any thing that can alleviate it. Mine is a silent sorrow, that broods within my own breast. A sigh is it's only expression—a tear is it's only relief:—no tongue has proclaimed it; no ear has received it's complaint. To you it desires to speak—to you *alone* it *will* ever speak; but—spare me—pardon me—leave me!"—And she wept.

How strange is her behaviour, thought Barnwell:—how wild, yet how mournful her countenance! After a pause, Milwood, recovering her former serenity, continued—

"I am to blame, Sir, thus to trifle with your time. I will endeavour to conclude my dull narrative, and at all hazards venture to explain the motive of my request to see you.

"My benefactress, whose bounty was my only resource, continued to treat me with the affectionate regard of a parent; my days rolled on in comfort; and my heart knew no distress, till that event to which I before alluded. Oh, God! how shall I relate it!—But it must be told.

"There resided near our dwelling a family of respectability, but not wealthy; they therefore did not visit our house, but we once or twice met in the neighbourhood. Of the father—of the mother—of the daughter, I shall say nothing; but of the son!—Pardon me—Indeed, I cannot proceed!"

"Wave this reluctance," cried Barnwell. "Confide in me, as your brother:—you shall find me as tender of your feelings, as zealous in your service, as if one womb had born us."

"What do I hear!" cried Milwood, with quickness. "Is it possible! Did you say, you loved me as a brother!—Happy, happy moment!" She took his hand, and kissing it with warmth, exclaimed—"My brother—my brother!"

Barnwell starting from his chair, and snatching away his hand, seemed thrown into a delirium; whilst Milwood, appearing to recollect herself, hung down her head, and blushed.

"In the name of heaven, Madam, tell me, who and what you are? Finish, I beseech you, this mysterious tale, and quickly, that I may, if possible, serve you; or, if not, may instantly escape a presence that creates emotions of pain and pleasure, too powerful to be a long endured!"

"I entreat your forgiveness," cried Milwood. "But go, Sir—go—ere you know the misery *you* have occasioned—the storm of ruin that *you* have raised!—Go ignorant of my wretchedness, which to know, would perhaps excite a painful pity in your breast, but no relief to me!—Since to behold me is so painful——"

"I did not say so!" cried Barnwell "or, if I did——"

"I see," said Milwood, "we are both to much agitated. Your surprise, and perhaps your pity, have overpowered you; whilst I—I am the prey of feelings which rack my bosom with torture inexpressible!"

"'Tis suspense alone that tortures me," cried Barnwell. "Your manner——your mysterious words——and the wildness of your eyes, make me dread a something, which I fear—yet ask—to know!—You speak of a youth who resided near you—You talk of ruin, of misery, of which I am

I am the author—You request to see me—You desire me to leave you, as ignorant as I came! —Whence spring such inconsistencies?"

"From a source *you* have never dreamt of," said Milwood, with firmness;—"from Love!"

Her countenance was now altered from the picture of contending influences, to a portrait of determination! Her eyes were fixed firmly on Barnwell:—she remained silently gazing on his face a considerable time. Barnwell himself was dumb.

"'Tis over!" at length cried Milwood: "I have conquered!—The youth to whom I alluded, is—George Barnwell!—Yes!—he it is, whom Fate has ordained my destruction! For him, I quit my friends, my country—For him, I forfeit affluence, and embrace the horrors of poverty, in a foreign and distant clime!—Was it, then, too much, to ask the favour of one hour's interview, merely to declare how ardently I love, and how largely I sacrifice to a hopeless passion!"

"Oh, Nature!—can I thank thee for the liberal share of personal attractions thy hand has given me, since they have but served to heap upon my head the persecutions of a train that I cannot help despising, whilst on that heart alone, which I esteem, their influence is too weak to impress even a cold regard!"

Barnwell was lost in wonder! After various attempts—"I do not remember ever to have seen you before!" said he.—

"I can too easily believe you, Sir."

"And yet, I think, if ever I had beheld such a countenance as your's, surely, Madam, I could not have forgotten it's interesting traits!"

"Nay, Sir," cried Milwood, I must not hear you, if your voice assumes that strain. Do not imagine,

imagine, Sir, my declaration meant to claim your pity! No,—my resolution is fixed as firmly as the decrees of Fate. One moment longer let me detain your ear; and then, farewell for ever!—Briefly, then—the same persecutions, though from different quarters, rendered the abode of my benefactress as miserable as my uncle's, with this addition of wretchedness,—that, in the latter, my heart was wholly disengaged; in the former, your image, your worth, barred all avenues to affection for another.

“The object so dear to me was unknown to my benefactress—to all the world—but myself. My refusals were therefore deemed obstinacy; my perseverance became rebellion; and I was at length driven to the dreadful alternative of quitting, for ever, the refuge I had obtained, or to approach the solemn altar, and vow fidelity with my lips, whilst my heart would be adulterous for ever.

“Such was the choice held out for my adoption: and could I hesitate? No, not for a moment! I waited not to be driven from a home—Voluntarily I departed.—I have remained some time in the metropolis—I determined to see you;—and now will for ever quit the country that gave birth to my existence and my woes!—I will seek, in some corner of a distant land, that grave, which can alone restore peace to my heart, by an oblivion of you!”

She ceased. Barnwell, who had risen from his chair, and was walking about the room, was deeply involved in thought, combatting one suggestion of his fancy after another, till his head became giddy.—He threw himself on a sofa, and leaned his head on his arm. Milwood, with the tenderest expressions of concern, took his hand, and pressed it warmly.

“If I have given you pain—if I have relieved my own breast, at the expence of a moment's uneasiness, to you—what a source of eternal regret! Or, if I have rendered myself odious, by a declaration which custom condemns, and have erected a monument of scorn in that remembrance, where I sought to deposit the pearl of pity—Oh, how miserable has my folly made me! Say then, only, that you do not despise me—that you do not abhor me—and I will never—never—trouble your quiet more!”

“His heart must be differently moulded from mine,” said George, “that can despise, or abhor you, Madam. Your confession has no such influence on mine, I would say more—but, at present, let me, at least, entreat you not to quit this place, till I have been favoured with another interview. I have a mother—I have—”

“Hear me on my knees, Mr. Barnwell,” interrupted Milwood; “if you do not wish to drive me to the most awful crime our nature can commit, grant me my request:—silence, silence, eternal silence to my story. There is not a calamity in life I should so hardly bear, as the discovery of my imprudence! Then swear to me—nay, I will not quit this posture till you do swear to me, that you will not, to your dearest friend, utter a breath, that may betray me!”

“Good God, what do you ask!” cried Barnwell, “In the most trying situation of my life, would you deprive my inexperience of their superior counsel, who love me, and have wisdom to direct me?”

“What council can you want—what is there to determine?” cried Milwood. “By to-morrow's setting sun, I shall be the ocean's charge. All that you

you have heard will then be only as a vision, that may occasionally ask a sigh; whilst it reminds you, that there is one in the universe, on whom the night will never steal, or the dawn break, without a prayer to nature's Author for your heart's peace! Why, then, should you wish to make her errors tales of common tattle, or give her conduct to the examination of beings, who have not her feelings? Will you deny me this oath then?"

"Rise! I beseech you, rise!"

"Not till I have received your solemn promise!"

George hesitated some minutes; during which time, she held his hand betwixt both her own, and leant her warm cheek upon it.

"Will you, then, promise me," said Barnwell, "to remain here till to-morrow?"

"By no means!"

"Will you permit me an interview this evening?"

"For what purpose, Mr. Barnwell?"

"Nay, I know not!" cried Barnwell; "but my heart tells me—that I am to blame. I would prevent the necessity of your leaving England."

"Necessity!" interrupted Milwood. "'Tis my choice!"

"But if—if—" cried Barnwell; and his breath grew short. "Why—why do you wish to restrain me from consulting my friends? I have an important, very important, point to decide; and I dare not trust my feelings with the decision."

"I understand the insult now!" cried Milwood, rising, scornfully. "You would insinuate, that, if your relations can find no just objection to my character, and fortune, you might condescend to pity me, and *perhaps, if, and supposing so and so,* you

you would then offer *me* a love, not the offspring of my creation, but a condescending acceptance of overtures—you may imagine I have made to you! I had conceived your heart a different composition, Mr. Barnwell; or mine would never have been known to you.”

“ You judge wrong, Madam, I assure you! Your candour, your noble mindedness, have impressed me with reverence, not contempt; and if this new sensation in my bosom be not—But, spare me only for a few hours—Permit me to see you in the evening—and if, then, you require the oath, I will most solemnly take it; and till then not a whisper shall escape my lips concerning you.”

After a pause—“ I cannot see the necessity for this, Mr. Barnwell. Why should we meet again? Why not immediately separate for ever? But—” pausing again—“ since you request it otherwise—be it so, Sir. I shall expect you in the evening; till when, farewell!”

“ Adieu, Madam,” cried George, and with trembling feet retired.

CHAP. XXI.

The other dame seem'd ev'n of fairer hue;

But bold her mien : unguarded rov'd her eye;

And her flush'd cheeks confess'd, at nearer view,

The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.

SPENCE.

IN the most profound reverie Barnwell passed the distance betwixt Berners Street and Mr. Emery's.

The

The crowd that surrounded him, the bustle of carriages, were insufficient to arouse him from a sort of stupor in which he had fallen.

When he arrived at home, he rushed through the hall, and hurrying to his own room, threw himself into a chair——“Milwood!—Milwood!” muttered he; “I never heard the name; I have no recollection of the face before to-day.——Oh, what an important day! Those looks!——that form!——never will my memory lose the impression!”

He sighed deeply, and painfully.——“Love me!——Yes, she loves me! She owns it; nay, her behaviour declares it more powerfully than her words! What a wondrous effect has she wrought upon me! What means this swelling of the heart—this quickness of the pulse—this difficulty of respiration? Can I have imbibed a partiality so instantaneously? Are our natures, indeed, so susceptible?——Surely, it cannot be! ’Tis pity for Milwood——for her sufferings—that pains me thus. Then let me soften them as much as possible—let me send her in writing the oath she requires, and spare her the pain of another interview! and yet—*never* to see her again!——Why do I feel a dread at that thought? Suppose she should be already gone? Forbid it heaven! Once more—once more, let me behold a form so lovely! What brilliant expression in her eyes!—what sense!—what animation in her countenance!——How happily might I pass my life with such a woman! But then her situation—my own too! Madness alone can suggest such a thought. She is proud—I dare not offer her pecuniary aid. Where can she go? What part of the globe does she seek? Unhappy Milwood! Would I had never seen you!—Would to God I had never seen you!”

Such

Such were the meditations of Barnwell——Milwood absorbed all his thoughts, whilst her beautiful form floated in air before his imagination! Never, till this day, had his imagination been heated by the charms of woman!

In Maria Freeman he beheld an amiable companion, whose modesty and beauty mingled won the esteem of his heart, and the approbation of his understanding; but in Milwood he saw a far different female.

This woman was beautiful in the extreme. Nature had, indeed, been liberal of her gifts, and education had increased the value of her bounty. Milwood had once possessed every thing desirable in the female character; for she once possessed virtue and innocence. But she parted with innocence, and in its stead had admitted, as the guest of her heart, the most accomplished cunning.

At an early period of her life she had surrendered all claim to chastity, and had since then submitted to that miserable traffic, which is the most severe libel on civilized society.

Too aspiring to herd with the unhappy class to which she had reduced herself, her strong and towering mind was perpetually busied upon schemes more valuable to herself, and far loftier in the scale of wickedness, than the generality of those unfortunate beings, whose daily infamy is their daily bread!

In her own fall, she was the dupe of a professed rake; and her own schemes upon the tranquility of others were all infused with a large portion of revenge. Man at large she deemed her enemy. And the talents, and the charms, she possessed, she considered as the weapons of revenge.

Unlike many a sighing wretch, whom severe distress urges to compunctive acts of shame, Milwood

wood was systematically vicious. The present world bounded her views of futurity, and the struggles of the present scene ended, in her imagination, the drama of existence!

Thus, no principles of a religious nature swayed her thoughts, no checks of conscience ever intervened betwixt the inclination and the deed! Pity, and all the tender sensibilities which many natures feel, were her inward derision; but their semblance was perfectly at her command.

Such was Milwood! Such was she, for whom Barnwell, at first sight, had unconsciously imbibed the most powerful love!

She had never once seen his father, or any of his relations; nor had ever beheld Barnwell himself, till his arrival at Mr. Emery's. Having learnt the very great confidence reposed in him, the large sums entrusted to his care, she was not long in arranging a method to ensnare him within her power. For this purpose, she had spared no pains to obtain the intelligence she had gained concerning his family, and had feigned the story she had related to him, and which contained not one syllable of truth.

Her sentiments, her tone of voice, her gestures, were studied for the occasion; and she was guided, from moment to moment in the plan she would pursue, by the effect which her penetration discovered she had wrought on her victim.—Thus artfully had she prepared the ground-work of her plot; and had thus far succeeded to the extent of her wishes.

The interim, betwixt his departure and the hour at which she expected his return, was anxiously spent by Milwood; and she repented, more than once, that she had suffered him to leave her: a step
to

to which she had consented, chiefly to carry on appearances, and from a persuasion, in which she was not mistaken, of her power over him.

Meanwhile he, for whom her machinations were devised, was planning the means of rendering her happy. Many and various were the resolutions he formed, but all unstable. His heart had admitted a spark, which his reason was too impotent to extinguish, and which was rising rapidly into a flame, of whose influence he was ignorant, but whose warmth he began to discover.

If the imagination of Barnwell was already wrought to a dangerous warmth, the next reception he met with in Berners Street was well calculated to increase it.

On a crimson damask sofa, placed under a brilliant mirror, illuminated by wax lights, reclined the Syren Milwood.—A most elegant white dress had superseded the sable weeds of the morning; with a Turkish turban, ornamented with gold cords and tassels. The solemn air of dignified sorrow was exchanged for the most fascinating smiles; and instead of the reserved and bashful demeanour, Barnwell had prepared himself to meet, he was thrown off his guard by the most alluring glances.

She did not rise, when he entered the room, but holding out a most beautiful arm, encircled at the wrist with a brilliant bracelet—

"Mr. Barnwell!" said she, with an enchanting softness.

George approached in the most profound astonishment, and received her offered hand.

"Am not I a strange creature!" continued she.

"My trappings of woe, you see, are soon thrown off. But, in truth, I did not think it consistent with the pleasure I expected, in your society, to wear the semblance of sorrow!"

George

George was petrified with amazement, and doubted, for a moment, if the woman of sentiment he had seen in the morning, and the wanton form now before him, were the same. As she still held his hand in her's, she fixed her sparkling eyes full on his face——

“You have an uncommon countenance!” said she. “You are very severe—and yet have great sensibility. You are a compound of the stern and the tender:—I scarcely know which preponderates in your nature. You do not lack courage, or fortitude; at the same time you will weep at a tale of misery, and the unfortunate are sure of your sympathy. Is it not so? I have studied Lavater. Now, let me try if I am mistaken. Place that harp nearer me, and I'll sing you a ditty about a poor simple maid—‘who never told her love, but let concealment,’ as the poet says—and so on—Now be silent!”

It is difficult to convey an idea of Barnwell's situation at the present moment. The feelings with which he had entered the room, were changed so suddenly, it seemed the work of enchantment. Pity for the sorrows of Milwood was absolutely forgotten in the bewildered admiration of her charms; and the determination of his reason, as to the steps he should pursue, was lost in the delightful and intoxicating dream of the existing moment.

He placed the harp,—and Milwood, changing her features from the wanton to the languishing, gave him the manuscript to hold, whilst she sung and accompanied a simply pleasing ballad with exquisite taste and melody. The expression of her eyes was perfectly in unison with the words; and ~~her~~ voice uttered the sweetest sounds!!——It was a pathetic story, and affected Barnwell extremely.

“There,”

"There," cried she, "I knew you would weep—at a fiction too! And will not real sufferings," continued she, in a tender voice, "at least, as much affect you!—Ah! Mr. Barnwell—to me only you are insensible! My abrupt sincerity has made me the object of your scorn!—Yes, cruel and insensible, you return the most glowing affection with the coldest disdain!"

"Disdain!—Oh, no!" said Barnwell:—"say, rather, admiration and esteem! Where is the being, who could gaze on such charms, and disdain their possessor! How must the heart be formed, that can remain insensible to so much beauty!"

"There are hearts, I fear," said Milwood, "round which the icy hand of worldly prudence forms a circle, that freezes every passion of the soul. There are beings, who can love according to a scale of reason, and model their affections by a standard! But I do not—cannot—think so young a heart as your's—"

"Our reason," interrupted Barnwell, "should regulate, not destroy our passions!"

"Charming philosophy!" cried Milwood, with a satirical smile. "And where did you learn that maxim? I should suppose some ponderous folio so says. But have books hearts? No, no, Mr. Barnwell. Ask those, who wrote the senseless lies, what is this Reason, that is so omnipotent? Where is it to be seen—or who possesses it?"

"Astonishing!" said Barnwell. "Do you, then, deny the existence of Reason?"

"Yes, such Reason as the black-letter gentlemen depict. Can Reason quench the thirst, or satiate the appetite of hunger?—Ah! no—no! And is the strongest impulse of our natures to be so easily swayed by Reason then? Why have we
passion

passions—merely to torment us? Oh! infamous libel on the Author of our existence, who has given his creatures all things to enjoy.—Well sings the poet—*To enjoy is to obey!*”

The air, the doctrine of Milwood now roused, for the first moment, a suspicion in his mind of her intentions, which startled Barnwell. He sunk into a profound reverie, his eyes cast on the floor.—Milwood observed it, and saw the struggle that was rising in his breast. Perfect mistress of her art, she was aware how imperceptibly her bold advances had stolen into his heart, and with a cunning caution restrained her efforts, and changed her operations.

Instead of attempting to continue an argument, at which she well knew he revolted, she touched the strings of the harp, and raised an enchantment of melody: from the slowest and the softest, to the most brisk and lively measures, her fingers swept the trembling chords. The effect on Barnwell was instantaneous. In vain did the enamoured youth aim to repress the rising flame—in vain attempted to resist the maddening impulse of desire!—On the precipice of danger, he was ignorant of his situation. His cheeks flushed, his eyes looked wild, and he fell back on the sofa, overcome with the force of such new and powerful emotions.

The tyrer saw her time. She struck the harp again, and—

“Softly sweet in Lydian measures

“Soon *she* sooth’d his soul to pleasures.”

She sighed—she gazed with looks of warmest love—she seemed to yield her soul to her desires—sunk by the side of Barnwell—reclined her head upon his cheek—pressed the warm lips to his, and conquered.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

I this night
 (Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
 If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
 Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind
 Knew never till this irksome night.

MILTON.

“NOT at home all night!” exclaimed Mental, in the hall at Mr. Emery's——“Not at home all night!” repeated he.

Whilst he was speaking, Barnwell knocked at the door. At the sight of Mental he started back, and hung down his head. His hair was undressed, his eyes were red and swelled, and his whole appearance proclaimed the revelry in which the night had passed.

Mental surveyed him leisurely from head to foot; during which time Barnwell recovered from his surprise, and invited him into a parlour.

“Having a few hours of leisure this morning,” said Mental, throwing himself into a chair, and leaning on an oaken staff, “I came to have some conversation with you. I am sorry that my visit is so ill timed. I really had no intention of breaking in upon your hours of rest; but my vulgar ideas had not associated going to bed with the sun in the meridian.”

“You are satirical,” said George, endeavouring to force a smile.

“You are hypocritical,” replied Mental.—

“Sir!” exclaimed Barnwell.

“He

"He who attempts to put a finger on his countenance whilst his heart aches with remorse, is a hypocrite!" said Mental.

Barnwell's cheek glowed with the blush of shame.

"Young man," continued Mental, "accident has brought us acquainted with each other. I love you, sincerely love you. I have wealth—I have no one to inherit it. The grave has covered those, who were mine? You know my history—you know my heart—I ask, in return, your's—Give it me—Let me know it's emotions—it's trials! Tear from it, with noble indignation, the veil that would conceal it. I know it is human—I know it cannot be perfect. Oh, let me at least receive, from a life of painful experience, the rewarding pleasure of being useful to you. I know, by your countenance, that you have committed some act, which reflection condemns as indiscreet—perhaps vicious. Tell me, sincerely, where have you spent the night—in whose society—in what pursuit?"

"Spare me!—spare!" cried Barnwell.—"I have fallen sufficiently in my own esteem—Let me not forfeit your's!"

"You, Mr. Barnwell, who possess faculties of no common magnitude, cannot have so far descended from the dignity of a human creature, as to have surrendered the distinguishing powers of intellect to the grovelling pleasures of the bottle?—You have not, I am sure, devoted a whole night to inebriety!"

"No—no, indeed, I have not."

"Nor can I, for a moment, suppose you have yet sunk into the despicable character of a gamester!"

"Never

"Never——never," cried Barnwell, with warmth, "shall you have to upbraid me with so mean a vice!"

"There is but one conjecture more, then," said Mental, with peculiarly satirical expression:——

"but *that* would scarcely make you *sad*! Besides, at your age—in this hot-bed of the passions, London—I presume chastity has long been relinquished, as a virtue unsuited to the times in which you live;—an incumbrance, indeed, which young men of fashion must not be suspected of retaining.—Long ere last night, therefore——"

"Forbear, I beseech you, Sir!" said Barnwell; "you strike a painful chord!—'Till last night I had not to upbraid myself with a crime, beyond all others base—*seduction*!"——

"Hold—hold—hold!—if you would not have me curse you!" cried Mental.—"Do you not remember," continued he, clasping his hands together, "that I once possessed an angel, till Seduction tore her from my arms!—that I had once a daughter!—that I abandoned her; and that *she*, too, was seduced!—driven to infamy!—to death! And can you confess yourself a Seducer! Oh, how often have I invoked eternal vengeance on the deliberate betrayer of confiding innocence!——Recall the odious charge, or you will become more loathsome to my sight than leprosy. But it is impossible! You a Seducer! It cannot be. The deliberate Seducer must be a being—allied to natures differing from human. His heart must be a salamander's bed; his head the cool repository of design and artifice. The passions that rob other men of prudence, increase his cunning, and render him the agent of the deepest villainy! Such

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you cannot be!——But you are agitated—I speak too warmly—My feelings must excuse for me.”

Changing his voice and manner into the softest and most gentle, he ceased not his importunities till he had obtained from Barnwell a relation of all that had passed betwixt himself and Milwood.

When he had heard the whole narrative——
“Tis a strange tale!” cried he: “a very strange story! But as you relate it, you charge yourself with too large a share of blame. I have strong doubts of this Milwood.”

“Oh! Sir, you have not seen her—or her countenance would prevent such undeserved suspicion.”

“You have promised to see her again, of course,” said Mental.

“See her again!” echoed Barnwell:—“what tortures would be severe enough for the wretch who could abandon her!”

“Do you mean to marry her, then?” said Mental.

Barnwell started at the question.

“Your uncle, Sir, James, your mother, your sister, perhaps will scruple to receive into their family a relation of so mysterious a character!”

“You have taken me by surprise, Sir,” said Barnwell: “I have as yet determined upon nothing. My mind has not yet recovered from the emotions that have so powerfully agitated it. I thank you sincerely for your generous concern; but I want reflection—I want to be alone.”

“I will leave you, then, to yourself awhile; but I will not relinquish my claim to your confidence. Thus far you have acted openly, and worthy of yourself:—but, if I am not deceived, it is but the commencement of a struggle, in which
you

you are at present victor. Adieu, youth, adieu!" and abruptly he departed.

Barnwell immediately retired to his chamber, and threw himself upon the bed. Overcome with want of sleep, and anxiety of mind, he fell into a slumber; but even in his sleep Milwood haunted his imagination. He dreamt—that he was sitting in the little temple dedicated to Retirement, in his father's garden, and that, from a window, he beheld a wide expanse of ground. His mother and Eliza were sitting near him, and he was reading to them Spence's Judgment of Hercules. After he had recited the poem, as he reclined his head on his arm, and mused upon the view before him, two female forms appeared, at a distance, resembling in every respect those described by the poet—

"Both far exceeding human beauty fair,
"Graceful—yet each with different grace they move,
"This striking sacred awe—that softer, winning love."

'As they drew nearer, a voice, which seemed to descend from above, proclaimed, that the trial was at hand which was to determine his future doom; and that his happiness or misery depended upon the choice of the present moment. The females continued to advance, and he now beheld their countenances distinctly, and immediately recognised two well known faces—those of Maria Freeman, and the Syren Milwood. The former supported on one arm a bee-hive, on the top of which, linked by a golden chain, perched two turtle doves: her other arm reclined upon a pedestal of white marble, on which was inscribed—"LOVE born of ESTEEM, and cherished by CONSTANCY.—PLEASURES the produce of INDUSTRY!"

‘ He was upon the point of kneeling before the lovely vision, when the other female stepped gaily on, and placed herself before the pedestal. Arrayed in a robe,

“ that betray’d
“ Thro’ the clear texture ev’ry tender limb,
“ Height’ning the charms it only seem’d to shade;
“ And as it flow’d adown so loose and thin,
“ Her stature shew’d more tall—more snowy white
“ her skin.”

‘ Her right hand held a chalice, into which dropped, unpressed, from a cluster of grapes suspended by her left, the intoxicating juice. Light as the motion of the air she danced awhile, and then, with graceful agility, sprang on a pedestal of ruby, on which, inscribed in golden letters, were the words——“ Love, free as air!—PLEASURES, stolen from other’s TOILS!”

‘ He quitted his mother and sister, and descended into the plain. As he stood wavering before these forms, his soul, now swelled to virtuous achievements, by the majestic look and inspiring language of the one;—now sinking into wanton ease, beneath the alluring glances and the syren songs of the other. A chorus, in sound like that which fills the vaults of heaven, from golden harps and angels voices, struck his enamoured ear.——

Shun, oh! youth, the syren’s arms,
Ruin lurks beneath her charms!
From her offer’d cup refrain,
As you dread severest pain:
‘Tis the treach’rous cup of Vice—
Peace of mind it’s only price!

‘ As this chorus was singing, the female, who resembled Milwood, scoffed by her smiles and gestures

tures the warning voice, and in derision flourished her cluster of grapes in the air; whilst the form that bore the countenance of Maria, raised her fine blue-eyes in calm and tranquil contemplation. He turned his attention now wholly on the latter; and the more he gazed, the more lovely she seemed.—He was approaching respectfully to take her hand, when the Wanton descended from the pedestal, and again intercepted him. She danced before him, and threw herself into the most captivating attitudes—at intervals kneeling before him, and earnestly entreating him to accept the chalice, which she held in her hand.

As his mind wavered, and his eyes roved from one form to the other, he reflected on the chorus, and was spurning the importunate Wanton, when another chorus arrested his attention. It ascended as from a vault beneath his feet, and was preceded by loud peals of laughter. It was accompanied by music, but of a different nature from the former: the notes were brisker, and louder, but wanted harmony and sweetness. He listened, however, and this was the strain—

Can'st thou, then, reject the fair?

Mark her mien! Her jetty hair

Flows luxuriant on her breast,

Where young cupids nestling rest!

Listen, youth, 'tis Pleasure's voice

Bids thy gen'rous heart rejoice.

Taste the cup that Beauty gives,

He alone, who drinks it, lives.

Ask thy youthful, growing fires,

What it is thy soul desires?

Love shall whisper in thine ear—

“Taste the cup, and banish fear!

“Quickly through thy veins shall flow

“Raptures none, but lovers, know!”

‘ Whilst he listened to this song, the syren had wove her arms around his neck, and placed the chalice to his lips. He tasted the intoxicating draught!—At that moment the shrouded shade of his father approached solemnly from the temple, with his mother and Eliza in either hand.—As they passed him, they looked on him with a countenance of deep felt pity, and walked on towards the pedestal where the semblance of Maria still remained; but her appearance was changed: the emblems she had held were vanished, and she looked pale as a spectre. As soon as the group reached her, the pedestal became changed into a sepulchre, which inclosed within it’s womb his father, his mother, and Maria, whilst Eliza stood weeping over the tomb as it sunk.

‘ He trembled, and exclaimed in agony—
“ Oh, Beauty, what a sacrifice have I made to thy charms!—Too powerful Beauty, what hast thou done!” As he spoke these words, he turned round to Milwood, whom he thought he addressed, and found he was clasping a skeleton, which grinned horribly at his surprize;—and striking him with a lifted dart, occasioned him so severe a pain at his heart, that he awoke in inexpressible horror.’

“ Merciful Heaven, what a dream!” exclaimed he.—“ My mother!—my sister!—my fainted father, too!—Oh, God! how sadly did they gaze upon me!—What can such a vision portend? Surely, I am upon the brink of some dreadful precipice! Milwood!—Milwood!—shall I ever have cause to curse the day we met!—Already have the guilty pleasures I have—yet, why guilty? Can a form of words be of so much import? No, surely! Our hearts are united, and our vows are registered in heaven! Why, then, do I feel as if
I had

I had committed a crime? Why does my heart deny me it's wonted approbation? Why am I tormented with such phantasies? If our passions have been strong, still they are not impure!—nor, on my part, shall they be ever so. To one only object have they yielded—and the same pure affection shall controul them ever! Yes, Milwood, enveloped as thou now art in mystery, I will soon rend the veil from thy character, and present thee, deserving as thou must be, to those that will love thee for the sake of thy Barnwell. Haste, then, away, ye intervening hours! and let the moment come, that shall for ever ease my breast of anxious doubt!”

Such was the state of mind in which Barnwell passed the remainder of the day. He anxiously looked forward to the hour they had appointed to meet, and, pleading indisposition, remained in his chamber, musing on the prospect before him, and endeavouring to mark out a suitable course to pursue.

CHAP. XXIII.

A truly good man is, upon many occasions, extremely susceptible of tender sentiments; and his heart expands with joy, or sinks with sorrow, as good or ill fortune accompanies his friend.

CICERO.

ABOUT an hour before the time appointed for Barnwell to be in Berners Street, the following letter was delivered to him:—

“AUTHOR

"AUTHOR of my future destiny!—my conqueror!—my husband!—[will you allow the title?]
—still dearer name, my Barnwell!!—your trembling Milwood throws herself upon your generosity—the trusts implicitly on a heart that has so effectually mastered her own!

"My uncle is in pursuit of me—For worlds, I would not at present behold him. He has enquired for me in Berners Street. I was of course denied. He is to be there again this evening.

"Oh! how I wanted your advice.—Why had you left me? As it was, I was compelled to a decisive conduct. I discharged the lodgings immediately—ordered a postchaise, and drove to Barnet; from thence took another chaise, and, appearing to have changed my mind, ordered the driver to set me down in Piccadilly.

"I write from the house of a tradesman, whom I have formerly employed; and leave your feelings to express to you, how impatiently I wait your arrival!—What shall I subscribe myself?—Oh! Barnwell, for both our sakes, let me entreat your presence! And let fate play what part it will, I shall ever be

"Your own!

"The bearer will direct you."

Thunderstruck at such an unexpected proceeding, Barnwell was for some time incapable of deciding what steps to take. Whilst he hesitated, Mental entered the room—He still held the letter in his hand—

"You are engaged?" said Mental.

"No, Sir—Yes, Sir—that is—I—"

"Well, Sir," cried Mental, "I'll not intrude. I may, perhaps, bring stale news too. I have enquired twice, to-day, in Berners Street. At first the

the lady was not visible; the second time, I learned that she had taken post horses, and left town. You may possibly know the route."

"No, Sir—Yes, Sir——" cried Barnwell, again hesitating.

"Ah!" said Mental,—“how difficult does nature find the winding paths of mean dissimulation! If you would retain your peace of mind—oh, youth, retain sincerity!—And remember, that shame or danger will prove as unwelcome at the end of a maze, as if boldly met at their first appearance!”

Ere Barnwell could reply, Mental took his hand affectionately——“One caution let me impress upon your memory, and I am gone——Make no promises of secrecy!——Farewell.”

Barnwell had not the power, nor indeed, just then, the inclination, to detain him; and he retired.

“He has called twice in Berners Street!” said Barnwell, after his departure. “Perhaps, then, Milwood may have imagined his enquiries to be her uncle’s. But why that caution as to promises of secrecy? Surely Milwood——But whilst I am arguing, she spends the moments in anxious expectation!”

He rushed towards the door, and desired the man who waited to conduct him to Milwood.——Immediately they met, she ran to him, apparently in the greatest distress of mind, and hiding her face in his bosom——“Oh, hide me—hide me, my dear Barnwell, from my pursuers!”

“Dispel these fears, Madam!” said Barnwell.——“Your alarms may be groundless—Tis possible you may have mistaken the description of another person for your uncle.”

“Oh,

"Oh, no!" cried Milwood—"I have seen him. He pursues me, and will tear me for ever from these lov'd arms!—Oh, how cruel—how peculiarly cruel is my destiny! Perhaps already he has traced my chaise to this very door, and will soon be here.—Let us quit the house!"

Barnwell, alarmed and greatly concerned for her distress, thought of nothing at the moment but relieving it. "Where will you be safe?" exclaimed he.

"Alas! I know not!—But let us this moment quit this place—My trunks may be left here for the present—Come, come!"

She hurried on her cloak, and, leaning on his arm, walked towards the door.—They had walked a considerable distance from the house ere Barnwell had sufficiently recovered from the surprise her conduct had occasioned.

"I am faint!" cried Milwood. This aroused him; and being near the coach stand at Hyde Park Gate, he called a hackney coach. When they were seated—"Where am I to drive, your honour?" said the man.

Milwood, leaning her head against the side of the coach, remained silent.—Barnwell knew not how to answer. After a considerable pause—"The case is this," said Barnwell; "this lady is just arrived in town, and we want lodgings.—Drive slowly along the Brompton road, and if you observe an advertisement at any door, stop there."

The coachman obeyed.—They stopped at a house kept by a widow, and Barnwell hired the lodging at the rate of two guineas a week. Milwood, thus placed in a safe retreat, as she pretended, from her uncle, gradually reassumed her serenity of countenance,

nance, and expressed her gratitude to Barnwell in the warmest language, and by the most seducing endearments.

CHAP. XXIV.

It is hard to personate and act a part long: where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out, and betray herself one time or other.

TILLOTSON.

THE pretended fears of Milwood, so admirably played, completely answered the purpose for which she had assumed them. Her penetration had easily discovered that Barnwell's mind, if time was allowed him for reflection, would too scrupulously examine the question of propriety. She therefore artfully resolved to take him by surprise.

The apartments in Bowers Street she had taken for the express purpose of their first interview, where she had resided but a few days, and had actually discharged them in the manner she had related. The story of her uncle's pursuit was entirely a fiction. Her present aim was to obtain an habitation at the expence of Barnwell, and this, it is seen, she accomplished.

Having thus far succeeded, a pause in her operations was necessary. She now, therefore, dallied with the unfortunate youth, who was the victim of her arts, and evaded all his enquiries as to her future designs. When an air of sadness marked his features,

features, she would fang ;—when he hinted his wish that they were married, she sighed deeply, turned her head away from him, and talked on some different subject ;—when he spoke of his friends, she affected the extremest agitation ; wept (for she could weep at will), and implored him, as he valued her life, to retain their connection an inviolable secret, for at least some time to come.

Barnwell started, as the caution of Mental, ‘ never to promise secrecy,’ rushed across his memory.—“ Why—why should there be secrecy ?” he exclaimed.

“ Our fates have rendered it most necessary,” she answered.—“ Ah ! Barnwell, you know not yet all the perplexities that rack this heart. Pardon the mysterious veil that for a moment conceals it, and confide in the assurance, that it is wholly and for ever your’s. ’Twere, may be, to be wished, that ~~we~~—yes, ~~we~~ (for I will not affect to throw the guilt wholly on you) had not yielded to the too powerful impulse of our passions !—But, who can recal the past ! How useless, then, it is to repine ! Let us, my dear Barnwell, rather conquer, than submit to our fate, and employ ourselves in a prudent anticipation of the future, in preference to a gloomy retrospect of the past !”

Such were the blandishments with which the siren soothed the regrets of Barnwell, and such the arts by which she bound him in unfelt fetters.

At his return home, the following morning, he found a packet of dispatches from his uncle’s. Soon as he saw the well known writing, his heart smote him.

For some days previous to the unfortunate meeting with Milwood, accident had prevented his writing to his sister, with whom he had hitherto regularly

regularly corresponded, since his arrival in London; and the events which had occurred since then were such as he felt no inclination to relate. With the just apprehensions of reproof, therefore, he broke the seals, and read the following letters.

L E T T E R I.

“ My dear son,

“ I am uneasy at a silence, of which I know not the cause. If you are as happy as usual, why not let us be equally so in knowing that you are? If otherwise, why so selfish as to retain, in your own breast, cares in which others have a right to participate? It is impossible you can forget that you have a sincere friend in

“ Your most affectionate mother,

“ E. BARNWELL.”

L E T T E R II.

“ It is with pain, my dear brother, I am compelled to complain of you, even to yourself! You were by no means acting politically, to be so good and attentive a brother, and so punctual and pleasing a correspondent, if you foresaw the present neglect, which is extremely increased in its effects by the contrast.—Ignorant too, as I am, of the cause of your silence, ten thousand tormenting *supposers* are rapidly succeeding each other. You paint the amiable Maria in such pleasing tints, that I sometimes suppose you devote *my* little portion of your time to the study of your favourite picture. Yet, if so, say I to myself, surely he would delight in recounting the charms he discovers. Suppose some face, or some mind, more engaging than

Maria's, has supplanted her in his approbation, would he not have been eager to have displayed to his Eliza those superior attractions?—Suppose he should be reclining on the uneasy pillow of a sick bed!—Thus, my dear brother, do I torture imagination to find excuses for your conduct; but as imagination has yet offered nothing in your favour, to the satisfaction of your judge, you are now called upon for your defence. Speak then, Sir—You have a powerful pleader in the breast of your Eliza; and if you can make but a tolerable excuse, you may assure yourself of a ready acquittal. It is necessary to conclude, *by way of memento*, in the old fashioned style, that

“I am, dear brother,
“your affectionate sister,
“ELIZA BARNWELL.”

L E T T E R III.

“Dear nephew,
“I take this opportunity of expressing to you my approbation of your conduct, the report of which, as well from Mr. Freeman as Mr. Emery, gives me great pleasure. I am sure it is needless in me to give advice to one who so well knows what is right; at the same time my wishes for your welfare make me remind you how important the effects of your present actions are in forming your future comfort, or otherwise. I hope you pay particular attention to your expenses, and never suffer yourself, for the sake of momentary pleasures or false pride, *to go beyond the mark*, which would compel you to descend to real meanneſſes, or bring on lasting uneasiness. You will take this as caution, not reproof. I have every reason

reason to rely upon your prudence, and shall fall with quiet into my grave, if only I am permitted to see my brother's son settled respectably in life, and become the guardian and protector of his widowed mother, and his sister, which, if you please, you will be enabled to be. I have remitted you a draft for fifty pounds. Should any emergency, at any time, occasion you a pecuniary want, let me be your friend; and I charge you, by no means to lie under obligations of this sort to any, but to your

Most affectionate uncle,
 "JAMES BARNWELL."

These letters, the simple genuine effusions of affectionate hearts, were perused by Barnwell with mingled sensations of pleasure and pain. When he compared the last of them with his situation with respect to Milwood, he shuddered.—

"What steps shall I pursue?" said the distracted youth. "They charge me with silence—How shall I ever write again!—I have pledged myself to Milwood—I have sworn to be secret. If I write, therefore, I must conceal from them my perplexities—I must disguise my feelings—I must invent occurrences, to account for my time.—Dreadful situation! And who can foresee its duration? How long may the too lovely Milwood envelope herself in this impenetrable veil of mystery!"

"I have incurred a certain expence in a provision for her—perhaps too for—Oh, God! what a precipice am I descending! There is no possible way of sustaining my ground, but by a timely disclosure of my errors—and from that I am prevented by a rash oath! Long this secrecy cannot last. Liberal as my uncle is, his generosity cannot equal wants of which he never dreams. Why did

I make

I make so rash a promise ! Why should she exact it !—So contrary to my nature, to my practise too ! —I hate, I abhor secrecy !—’Tis but another name for deception ! I will fly instantly, and retract my engagement. I will convince her how necessary it is that our marriage should immediately take place, and be declared ;—then, even if the anger of my benefactor should overpower his tenderness and affection, I have the world before me—Industry shall supply the necessities of nature ; and the sweet reward of sincerity, my heart’s approbation, shall make ample amends for the luxuries I lose. But to continue the mean paths of dissimulation—to start at every noise—to tremble at every glance—existing under the uplifted rod of Fear, is worse, much worse, than any evil that can result from an opposite conduct. This is the voice of prudence, of interest,—and is in unison with the lessons of morality, and the precepts of religion.—I will obey it instantly.”

Such were the inward musings of Barnwell ; such was the noble resolution of his heart. As he was completely master of his own time in Mr. Emery’s absence, he answered some letters received that morning from Buxton, and went immediately to Brompton.

END OF VOL. I.